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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

MONS. GUIZOT.

Democracy in France (January, 1849.) By Mons. Guizot. Murray.

THE very high public expectation naturally formed on the announcement of a work with such a title, from such a hand, ought not, in our judgment, to be deemed in any degree unfulfilled. On certain points the taciturnity of Mons. Guizot must of necessity have been anticipated. He has been far too exalted in position, far too much in secrets, far too completely behind the curtain to have had an option to enter the field as a partizan, or take a lead as the advocate for any particular division or faction into which France is unhappily split. The knowledge he must have acquired, puts hypotheses out of the question with him; and general views from one with every quality of mind for accurate appreciation, combined with that intelligence derived from office, to which we have alluded, was what was properly looked for, and is what he has produced. The work affects the world and the destinies of mankind now and hereafter. It represents philosophy built on realities; and is thus infinitely superior to the theories of divineness, the dreams of enthusiasm, and the cleverest speculations of interested ambition or villany. He enunciates great truths, and if not great novelties, at least so finely put, that we can but apply to them the poet's compliment

To advantage dress,

What oft's been thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

If for Socialism we read Anarchy, and for Communism Chaos, we have pretty closely the definition of doctrines, which it would seem impossible that a hundred sane and rational beings in Europe could entertain. And forcibly has Mons. Guizot exposed their naked folly and deformity. A "Communist," a common man, with no desire to excel the dolt or idiot man by his side; the physical giant resolving his powers into the weakness of the wizzened pigmy; the heaven-gifted genius determined on the moral suicide which should defeat the goodness of his Creator and defraud his fellow creatures of the benefits he was intended to confer upon them—these are the perfections of Communism and Socialism. The iniquity of advancing one step beyond your neighbours in virtue or wisdom is a Q. E. D.; but it is farther demanded that you should not outdo the beasts of the earth or the birds of the air. As it was in the beginning is now, with them; and so ought it to be with you, intellectual man. The sloth fattens in climbing a tree and starves for want of food in descending, as sloths did a thousand years ago; follow their example, and do not think of the improvement it would be to leave a little herbage to support you in returning to terra firma. The yellow-hammers build their nests exactly as they did since the first syllable of recorded time; be content to imitate this pretty fowl, and let us have no more nonsense about the comforts of ever-advancing civilization. But,—

"Mankind is not merely a series of individuals called men; it is a race, which has a common life, and a general and progressive destiny. This is the distinctive character of man, which he alone of created beings possesses.

"And why is this? It is because human individuals are not isolated, nor confined to themselves, and to the point they occupy in space or time. They are connected with each other; they act upon each other, by ties and by means which do not require their presence, and which outlive them. Hence the successive generations of men are linked together in unbroken succession.

Enlarged 159.]

"The permanent union and progressive development which are the consequences of this unbroken succession of man to man, and generation to generation, characterize the human race. They constitute its peculiarity and its greatness, and mark man for sovereignty in this world, and for immortality beyond it.

"From this are derived, and by this are founded, the family and the state, property and inheritance, country, history, glory, all the facts and all the sentiments which constitute the extended and perpetual life of mankind, amidst the bounded appearance and rapid disappearance of individual men.

"In the Social Republic all this ceases to exist. Men are mere isolated and ephemeral beings, who appear in this life, and on this earth the scene of life, only to take their subsistence and their pleasure, each for himself alone, each by the same right, and without any end or purpose beyond.

"This is precisely the condition of the lower animals. Among them there exists no tie, no influence, which survives the individual, and extends to the race. There is no permanent appropriation, no hereditary transmission, no unity nor progress in the life of the species;—nothing but individuals who appear and then vanish, seizing on their passage their portion of the good things of the earth and the pleasures of life, according to the combined measure of their wants and their strength, which, according to them, constitute their right.

"Thus, in order to secure to every individual of the human species the equal and incessantly fluctuating share of the goods and pleasures of sense, the doctrines of the Social Republic bring men down to the level of the lower animals. They obliterate the human race. They do worse.

"Such is the philosophy of the Social Republic; such, therefore, is the basis of its policy. We have traced its origin and its end.

"I will not insult the good sense or the dignity of mankind by dwelling on it longer. It is the degradation of man, and the destruction of society.

"Not only of society as at present constituted, but of all human society whatsoever: for all society rests on foundations which it is the object of the Social Republic to overthrow. It is not a mere invasion of the social edifice by intruders, whether barbarian or not; it is the utter ruin of the edifice itself that is contemplated. If M. Proudhon had the absolute disposal of society in its present state, with all that it possesses or enjoys, and were to change the distribution and the possessors of property at his own good pleasure, he would be guilty of great iniquity, and occasion great suffering. He would not, however, destroy society. But if he pretended to give the ideas with which he tries to batter down the present structure of society, as laws to one newly framed, it would infallibly perish. Instead of a State and a People, there would be only a chaos of human beings, without a tie and without repose. Nor would it be possible to reduce that chaos to order without abandoning or evading the ideas of the Social Republic, and returning to the natural conditions of social order.

"The Social Republic is then at once odious and impossible. It is the most absurd, and, at the same time, the most perverse, of all chimeras.

"But we must not presume upon this. Nothing is more dangerous than what is at once strong and impossible. The Social Republic is strong; indeed, how can it be otherwise? Availing themselves with ardour of every kind of liberty granted for the promulgation of ideas, its advocates are incessantly labouring to diffuse their principles and their promises through the densest ranks of society. There they

find masses of men easy to delude, easy to inflame. They offer them rights in conformity with their desires. They excite their passions in the name of justice and truth. For it would be puerile to deny (and for the honour of human nature we must admit) that the ideas of the Social Republic have, to many minds, the character and the force of truth. In questions so complex and so exciting, the smallest gleam of truth is sufficient to dazzle the eyes and inflame the hearts of men, and to dispose them to embrace with transport the grossest and most fatal errors with which that truth is blended. Fanaticism is kindled at the same time that selfishness is awakened; sincere devotedness joins hands with brutal passions; and, in the terrible fermentation which ensues, evil predominates; the portion of good mingled with it acts only as its veil and its instrument."

How true and how eloquent is this! and a remarkable reflection arises, and is thus expressed:—

"From the time when all professions have been accessible to all, from the time when labour has been free, subject only to the same laws for all, the number of men who have raised themselves to the first ranks in the liberal professions has not sensibly increased. It does not appear that there are now more great lawyers or physicians, more men of science or letters of the first order, than there were formerly. It is the men of the second order, and the obscure and idle multitude, that are multiplied."

But what are the consequences? It is this second order who lead the way to disorder. Vain, envious, incapable of greatness, they are a numerous, pushing, levelling class, and strong enough to undermine and overthrow what is above them, to make room for their own rise: would it were only *telle brille*, but they consume and destroy.

Our argument has, however, led us into a later portion of the volume than regularly would dictate, and we must go back to the instructive picture of the Idolatry of Democracy which the author demonstrates to be the cause of so much confusion and evil.

"Chaos is now concealed under one word—Democracy.

"This is now the sovereign and universal word which all parties invoke, all seek to appropriate as a talisman.

"The Monarchists say, 'Our Monarchy is a Democratic Monarchy: therefore it differs essentially from the ancient Monarchy, and is adapted to the modern condition of society.'

"The Republicans say, 'The Republic is Democracy governing itself. This is the only form of government in harmony with a democratic society, its principles, its sentiments, and its interests.'

"Socialists, Communists, and Montagnards require that the republic should be a pure and absolute democracy. This, in their estimation, is the condition of its legitimacy.

"Such is the power of the word Democracy, that no government or party dares to raise its head, or believes its own existence possible, if it does not bear that word inscribed on its banner; and those who carry that banner aloft with the greatest ostentation and to the extremest limits, believe themselves to be stronger than all the rest of the world.

"Fatal idea, which incessantly excites and foment social war amongst us! This idea must be extirpated; for on its extirpation depends social peace, and, in her train, liberty, security, prosperity, dignity, all the benefits, material or moral, which social peace alone can ensure.

"The following are the causes to which the word democracy owes its power.

"It is the banner of all the social hopes and ambitions of man,—pure or impure, noble or base, rational or irrational, possible or chimerical.

"Now it is the glory of man to be ambitious. He alone, of all created beings, does not passively resign himself to evil; he alone incessantly aspires after good; not only for himself, but for his fellow-creatures. He respects and loves the race to which he belongs; he wishes to find a remedy for their miseries, and redress for their wrongs.

"But man is no less imperfect than he is ambitious. Amidst his ardent and unceasing struggles to eradicate evil and to achieve good, every one of his virtuous inclinations is accompanied by an evil inclination which treads closely on its heels, or strives with it for precedence. The desire for justice and the desire for vengeance—the spirit of liberty and the spirit of tyranny—the wish to rise and the wish to abase what has risen—the ardent love of truth and the presumptuous temerity of fancied knowledge;—we may fathom all the depths of human nature; we shall find, throughout, the same mingled yet conflicting qualities, the same danger from their close and easy approximation.

"To all these instincts, at once contrary and parallel,—to all indiscriminately, the bad as well as the good,—the word *Democracy* holds out an interminable vista and infinite promises. It fosters every propensity, it speaks to every passion, of the heart of man; to the most generous and the most shameful, the most moral and the most immoral, the gentlest and the harshest, the most beneficent and the most destructive: to the former it loudly offers, to the latter it secretly and dimly promises, satisfaction.

"Such is the secret of its power."

"The irrefragable truth and philosophy of this *coup d'état*, in tracing effects to causes in human feelings, motives, and actions, appear to us to be worthy of universal application.

"It is," adds the author, "the melancholy condition of democratic governments, that while charged—as they must be—with the repression of disorder, they are required to be complaisant and indulgent to the causes of disorder; they are expected to arrest the evil when it breaks out, and yet they are asked to foster it whilst it is hatching. I know no more deplorable spectacle than a power which, in the struggle between the good and the evil principle, continually bends the knee before the bad, and then attempts to resume an attitude of vigour and independence when it becomes necessary to resist its excesses.

"It is at the very moment when we are boasting of having reached the summit of civilization—it is while the most humane words that can issue from the lips of man are ringing in our ears, that this struggle is revived more violently, more fiercely than ever!

"This is a curse and a shame, of which we, and the age we live in, must rid ourselves. Internal peace, peace among all classes of citizens, is the paramount want, the only chance for the salvation of France.

"Will the Democratic Republic give us this peace?"

"It did not begin well. When scarcely born, a civil war was its first necessity—most unfortunately for the republic. Governments find great difficulty in rising out of their cradles."

A comparison between Washington and Napoleon, and a very striking view of the difference between the American revolution and revolutions in other countries, (p. 17,) brings us again to France, where truly it is said,—

"It is in vain that you repeat that the days of fraternity are come; that Democracy, such as you establish it, puts an end to all hostilities or conflicts of classes, and assimilates and unites all orders of citizens. The truth, the terrible truth, gleams through these vain words. Interests, passions, pretensions, situations, and classes conflict on every side, with all the fury of boundless hopes and boundless fears."

"One name denotes them all; all are members of the great Anarchical Party. It is not the superiority of this or that form of government which appeals to the people—it is sheer and absolute

anarchy; for one kind of government is as incompatible with chaos as another. There is, however, one striking fact: whether sincere or depraved, blind Utopians or designing Anarchists, all these disturbers of social order are Republicans. Not that they are more attached or more submissive to republican government than to any other; for every regular and efficient government, whether republican or monarchical, is equally odious to them; but they hope that under a republic they shall find stronger weapons to aid their attacks, and feebler barriers to resist them. This is the secret of their preference."

The Labour Theory is demolished, without a shred to cover its extinct carcase; but we must stop. From every page of the book quotations might be made, and instruction of consummate importance be gathered. The task, however, is not for us; and if we have devoted so unusual a space in our Literary Journal to political subjects, we trust our excuse will be found in their nature—affecting the happiness of the whole human race, and with every good which literature or science can confer on mankind dependent upon their just appreciation.*

SLAVONIANS, CROATS, ETC.

Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic. By A. A. Paton. 2 vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

ALREADY well appreciated by the public, from his works on Serbia and Syria, Mr. Paton has here extended and complemented, not only his own preceding work, but also Sir Gardner Wilkinson's Dalmatia, Montenegro, and Herzegovina, reviewed in Nos. 1666 and 1667 of the *Literary Gazette*, by superadding more of the Adriatic coasts, Croatia, and different portions of the Southern provinces of Austria. We need not reiterate the high interest of these countries at this era, when the fate of races is at immediate issue on their territories, and much of the future destinies of Europe are involved in the decision. Who are to predominate—Magyar, Croat, or German—and how the Austrian Empire is to be re-composed and governed, are mighty questions, upon which Mr. Paton throws new, clear, and important lights; whilst, to the general reader, (in opposition to the political,) his various sketches of travel and society are of a most pleasing and attractive character; and a number of engravings illustrate them in a very satisfactory style. There is also an excellent map.

On the national topics we will merely observe, that experience, opportunity, and employment have enabled the author to know what he is writing about; and therefore his views are of much public value. His disapprobation of the Magyar movement, and looking forward to better things from Illyria and the Croat population, we leave, however, for discussion to statesmen who may determine how far in revolutions, like serpents, the heads are moved by the tails; whilst from the more miscellaneous contents we select a few extracts, to indicate the nature of a very agreeable publication. Having so lately visited Montenegro and Herzegovina, we shall pass on even through Mr. Paton's novelties therein, and launch our boat at once where the Dalmatian Highlands court the curiosity of the tourist. At the town of Sign, Mr. P. called on the Podestà, and relates—

"He received me in a neat saloon, on the first floor, hung with newly-framed prints, one of which was the masterpiece of Paul Veronese, 'The Supper in the House of Levi.' This led on to a discourse of the fine arts, and I found a readiness and soundness of judgment on the best pictures and the best masters that rather surprised me, until I was informed that he had passed three years as a student in the Academia of the Fine Arts at Venice.

* An edition, as will be seen described in our Paris Letter, in the original French, has excited immense attention in France, and is discussed in all the Journals (even in those of different political tendencies and opinions) with high laudation. The English translation, on which our remarks are offered, was, we believe, made by a lady (Mrs. Austen) most competent to the task, and retouched by the author himself, whose perfect acquaintance with the English language enabled him to point many of the passages with the spirit and force so conspicuous in the composition.—*Ed. L. G.*

"Bosnia, that *terra incognita*, had furnished a treasure trove of 4000 medals and Roman coins to a person who had no notion of their numismatic value; and the Podestà having, from his commercial relations, been enabled to purchase them, had arranged them so as to be easy of inspection. They were valuable, being mostly consular; some of a very remote date, others of silver, with the unsullied lustre of fresh coinage. One, struck after the assassination of Caesar, had a head circumscribed Marcus Brutus Imperator, and on the reverse a cap of liberty between two daggers, with the memorable words, 'Ides of March.' The symbols of the Roman consular families were full of variety; the handsome Apollo head of the Calpurnia family, the elephant ear of the Metella, the sea-horses of the Crepereia, and many others.

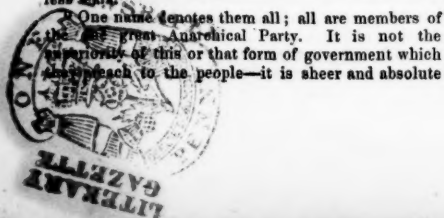
"I then took an inspection of the town, and soon saw that the landlord and Podestà, with their Frank dress, were colonists in a strange country. Being market-day, the Piazza, an open space between the church and a convent-wall, at the end of a sort of bazaar of shops, was crowded with the true Morlacks from the neighbouring villages, who were all Christians, but all wore, as nearly as possible, the old Turkish costume of the last century, except the kaouk. Corresponding to the prints of the Turkish dress as they appeared in books in the beginning of this century, they looked exactly like the Turk as he used to be represented on the stage. They are in person a tall, rude, robust, and somewhat savage race of men; all armed, even in the market place—some with pistols, others with dirks. These they are allowed to retain; as, in case of a war with Turkey, Dalmatia is much more exposed to Bosnia than Bosnia to Dalmatia, the latter being a higher and more rugged country. On their head is the fez, surrounded by the ample folds of a white-and-blue cotton turban; they are very fond of a red colour in their clothes; and all wear sandals with a sole of raw bull's-hide; but strapped on with cordage instead of goat-skin ties, as in old times. The women wear shoes, and the men to this day consider shoes effeminate. In Dalmatia, in the last century, people used to say that everything could be found in Venice, just as people say in England that everything can be found in London; but a pleasant story is told of a Morlack declaring this to be a popular falsehood, for he had sought over all Venice, and could not find a pair of sandals, although they were for sale in the meanest village of his own country.

"The rooted antipathy to change, which is the principal trait in the character of the Morlack, shows itself in nothing so much as the antipathy to the Frank costume. The civilisation of Venice varnished the coast, but remained only skin-deep; and when a man threw off the native costume, he was considered as a sort of traitor to his nationality. Lovrich, a native of Sign, who wrote a refutation of the errors of the Abbate Fortis, gives a translation of a droll poem, expressing the lamentation of the Morlack for those of their chiefs who Italianised themselves—thus:

"There are certain Dalmatian Voyvodes,
Who, scarce arrived on the Italian shore,
Italianise themselves, and blush to be called Slaavs;
They cut their natural pig-tails and clap on a wig.
A hat replaces the turban.
They are in a hurry to shave their moustaches,
And cast aside their silks and scarlets;
They despise embroidery, fine boots, and silver buttons.
And then, O God! they clap on a coat
Which is slit in two behind."

"Such is their idea of the garb of civilized man. Some years ago, the most contemptuous expression for a Frank was, *Lozmani rastricem perkanu*—'the man with the slit tail.'

"Talking of buttons of gold and silver, these Bosnians and Dalmatians are very fond of them. They are a sort of investment in case of need; and a man getting short of cash cuts a button off his coat, and sells it, just as an Englishman, in case of need, realizes some joint-stocks (if he can). Perhaps many persons would consider the buttons the safer investment of the two. This passion for buttons led



to a curious circumstance during my visit to Dalmatia. A man in Bosnia left a silver cup, mounted with precious stones, to the church, and the heirs, respecting his will, handed over the cup to the Greek Bishop of —, in Bosnia. Shortly afterwards, the nephew of the Bishop was seen with a new shining stock of silver buttons on his gala coat, upon which the flock demanded a sight of the silver cup, in order to convince themselves that it had not transmigrated to the coat of the nephew. But it appeared that the Bishop, unlike *Sylvester Daggerwood*, not having a soul above buttons, had melted the cup, keeping the jewels to himself, and giving his nephew the silver. The case was trying at Constantinople, but how it ended I know not.

"Stalls of commodities were in rows along the convent wall, and all characteristic of the people: fresh sandals, pyramids of flints for their pistols, rough copper bells for sheep and goats, besides other paraphernalia of a warlike and primitive people. Seeing a construction like a fountain with four spouts, I was amused to see corn instead of water flow out of one of them; and, going behind it, I ascended three or four steps, and found on the platform four semi-globular troughs, of different measures, scooped out of blocks of marble, which being filled, and a plug drawn out, the corn is all measured by a public officer, so as to prevent fraud. I remarked that most of the buyers and sellers were men somewhat advanced in years; but this is easily explained by the fact, that the families keep together after their sons are married, and a Stareschin, or Elder, is the manager of the family concerns. So that the social existence of the Morlacks is literally patriarchal."

The account of Morlack superstitions is full of interest:—

"Superstition is the natural companion of ignorance, and we find the Morlack full of portentous signs and astrological inferences; the most ordinary customs of cattle and domestic animals are supposed to have some reference to the accidents of meteorology. From the croaking of a frog, or the position of cattle and sheep, are drawn prognostics of rain; and the successful weather-prophet is supposed to owe his gift, not to experience and observation, but to higher inspiration. Hail is supposed to be scattered by witches who dwell in the dark clouds; and thunder is the rolling of the wheels of Elijah's chariot while he is taking an airing in heaven. Famine, which often desolates the country, is supposed to be a giant, sometimes visible and sometimes invisible, that roams through the world.

"One of their popular tales is illustrative of this idea. Simo Simonich went to a distant vineyard to bring home skins of wine that he had made on the spot. Simo was poor, and he had a heavy heart, for a famine covered the land, and he must sell the skins of wine which he had intended for the festivities of Saints'-days. The horse that carried the wine had been half-starved, and could go only at a slow pace; the day was cloudy, and the height of the sun unseen. Simo was plunged in a reverie or stupefaction from his difficulties, and seeing the sun about to set when he was still far from home, bethought himself of going into a wood close by, and passing the night under a high tree or thick bush; so he turned the horse aside and entered the thicket; but what was his surprise to see a thick smoke rising from the trees. 'I know of no cottage here,' said Simo; 'what can it be—robbers?' Why they would surely never deprive a poor man with a family, of two miserable skins of wine. I will advance.' Simo approached, and saw through the trees a blaze of faggots, and a large ox roasting whole, and the spit turned by a human arm larger than the trunk of the sturdiest oak. The hair of Simo stood on end, his knees knocked, and he fell to the earth senseless with terror and amazement.

"When Simo looked up, and saw the head of the figure with a face as large as the door of a church, and eyes like the skins of wine looking over him, he cried out, 'I am a poor man, with scarce enough to feed my children; all I have is two miserable skins of wine; exert not your power to injure one that

never injured you; take the two skins of wine, and spare me my life for the sake of my family.'

"The giant gave a loud laugh, like the neighing of a horse, and telling him to be of good cheer, for that he must be hungry and in want of his supper, beckoned him to approach, and told him that he was the giant Famine, then on a visit to Dalmatia. Simo then went up to the giant, and found him sitting on the ground, and turning the spit, and his bed made of a hundred loads of hay. So when the ox was roasted, the giant gave Simo something for his supper, and ate all the rest of the ox, and having drunk the two skins of wine, he paid for them generously, and sent him away in the morning; good humour having succeeded to terror and dismay.

"If astrology be cultivated, the same cannot be said of astronomy, for their science consists in the belief that there were formerly no less than three suns; two of them were swallowed by a great serpent, and only one has remained. Even now, the Dalmatian summer is not very cool, but it must have been then more warm than comfortable; and what would become of us if the fire-eater should take a fancy to the sun that remains!

"They are great believers in the influences of good and bad geniuses—a relic of old Slaavic mythology; and so late as the last century, the priests were often called on to exorcise devils which had lodged themselves in men. Lovrich gives a droll case of a Morlack who was seized with diabolical contortions, and believed to be possessed of a devil. A friar began to exorcise him, and, with the assistance of all the saints, to expel the devil; but the man having merely eaten and drunk to excess, the demon disappeared by a sudden fit of sickness; and the priest, forgetting his cloth, gave way to a violent fit of anger, while the Morlack, relieved of his demon, rose up and walked away home. Another superstition is the belief in sorcery; but it must be admitted that it is losing ground. In some remote houses the tail of a wolf or a cow is still used as a protection against enchantment, and is probably a relic of the Roman custom of the wolf's head fixed on doors for the same purpose. Even the echo is supposed to be a mocking spirit, and is not considered a human voice."

We reluctantly break off in the midst of this interesting matter, and reserve further review for hereafter.

THE AUTHOR OF ANNESLEY IN PROSE.

Friends and Fortune: a Moral Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury. Pickering.

WHEN the poem of *Annesley*, from the same hand, appeared, it fell to the *Literary Gazette*, as if an old and established privilege, to give the first all-hail of welcome to the young and unknown *débütante* on the perilous public platform of authorship. Tracing in it features to call to mind such names as Goldsmith and Crabbe, we offered it the reception it deserved, and within a few weeks thereafter, the most efficient of our contemporaries re-echoed the strain,* and the just estimation and consequent popularity of Miss Drury was the result.

Thus cheered on, our gifted poetess has now essayed her powers on a prose composition; and, we think, with no less comparative success than before. It is a tale delightfully told, and abounding in passages of great feeling and beauty. Again we are reminded of Goldsmith, and that which reminds us, in a right sense, of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, must be a production of no mean order. The gist of the plot is involved in the act of a wealthy heiress assuming the disguise of a poor companion, to visit halcyon friends in the country, and ascertain, by experience, whether riches or personal qualities are most esteemed in society. The dear lady needed not to have made the trial; but she was an over-indulged child, and would rather enable herself to judge in this capricious manner, than take for granted all the ablest lessons of wisdom. The scheme being carried into practice,

* We may truly use this expression, for in most cases our very words were repeated, as is curiously shown in the press opinions quoted at the beginning of this volume.—*Ed. L. G.*

many excellently drawn characters are brought into play, and Miss Armadale (the heroine) is soon taught how the world wags in respect to Poverty and Riches. The development of the reality, through the personages with whom she comes into contact, are various, and amusingly illustrative of the general truth. Her dressed up substitute is worshipped, whilst she is neglected, contumeliously used, despised, and finally persecuted. Not, however, without contrasts of kindness, benevolence, and unselfish affection. But the masses of the characteristic and animated picture display the common lot of the Poor, as usually formed by the conduct of the majority of their fellow-creatures, in other circumstances, on every side. The *noli me tangere* is strong against Poverty; it is a sin to be avoided. Prosperity cannot a-bear it, vulgar wealth abhors it, everybody shuns it. It stalks abroad among the multitude like a hard frost, and freezes them all; and, like a hard frost, it causes *quondam* friends to fall off like the leaves of trees. It has a strange effect in obliterating the recollections of services rendered in former days; India rubber on pencil marks is not more certain. It begets a remarkable self-complacency in those who only witness it; and even the most tolerant and liberal are apt to paint it in no very attractive colours, whilst the envious and spiteful cannot find language strong enough to reprobate its misdeeds. In short, Poverty in England is a plague-spot and pestilence—a Cholera from which the nearest and dearest are rather glad to get away, and fly before they can be attacked or infected. *Sauve qui peut*—when Poverty comes in at the door even Love flies out at the window.

These matters Miss Drury places before our eyes in a clever style, and blends some comic touches with her graver aim; as in the fortune-hunting embarrassments which grow out of the quasi-love inspired by the heiress's *locum tenens*. This bit is very humorous, and, like all the rest, very natural. For in the sportive the consequences have no exaggeration; as in the moral there is no parade of philanthropy. A country squire, his wife, sons, and daughters, and their visiting neighbours, and a clergyman with a daughter of the right benevolent and religious stamp, together with Miss Armadale, her double, her French courier, and her maid, sustain the parts in the principal drama; with which are incorporated an episode of Nurse Wilton, and her friends and misfortunes, and other incidental circumstances, which there is no occasion to particularize. We have only to say, further, that the hero of the piece is a modern English Cimon.

We will be concise in our extract examples, because we would not take away one particle of the zest with which the volume is destined to be enjoyed by the reading world at large.

Miss Armadale has been located in a poor, cold attic, and "went to bed, but not to sleep; for the mattress was very hard, and the room very cold, and the mice were tumbling about the wainscot all night: then her room looked into the yard, where a dog was kept, who howled whenever the wind blew, which was about every quarter of an hour: and, altogether, Margaret's condition was not exactly what a young lady would be supposed to choose, who had so much to choose from. Twice during the tedious night she rose and went to her window, and each time saw in the one opposite a steady light, like that of a lamp: the last time, she watched it so long, she at last distinguished the form of some one bending over a table, as if in study, and felt almost certain it was her nervous friend of the morning. The various conjectures to which this gave rise having tired her out, she fell asleep; but not for long—for between five and six, the servants began to get up, then the children, and all the upper part of the house was in motion. Miss Armadale, in utter despair, and not forgetful of her luxurious apartment at home, her blazing fire, and well-guarded repose, got up also, and had the comfort of perceiving, by the frost on the window-panes, that the weather was severer than ever. Having allured Susan to lend her a little assistance, she was soon dressed, and went down stairs. It was

scarcely daylight; the fires were just kindled, half the doors and windows were open, the maids looked surlily at her, for being down so soon; and she was glad to retrace her steps. On her way, however, she passed a half-open door, through which she perceived a bright fire, and a kettle on the hob. Driven desperate by the cold, she ventured in, and found herself in a comfortable nursery, where the nurse and four children were sitting down to breakfast. The eldest of the children, a little girl of ten years old, she had made friends with over night, and Miss Rose, on seeing her, jumped from her chair, and sprung into her arms.

"Shall I disturb you very much," said Margaret to the nurse, a thin, benevolent-looking woman, with grey hair, "if I come in and warm myself by your fire?"

"Not in the least, Miss," said Nurse Wilton, "pray walk in, and sit down: set a chair, Miss Rose: may I pour you out some tea, Miss? it is a bitter morning, and you look half perished."

"Miss Armadale gladly accepted the offer, and probably never in her life appreciated a cup of hot tea before; she felt ready to embrace the good natured donor, and really looked so grateful that Wilton's heart, already prepossessed by her appearance, began to yearn towards her. The children, too, grew eager to make her acquaintance, and as soon as they could obtain leave, they crowded round her; charmed, as children invariably were, by her beautiful face, and winning smile."

"I know who you are," said Master Rory, as he balanced himself on her lap by pulling her dark curls, "you're the poor dependant, I heard mamma say so!"

"And your name is Esther, I heard that!" shouted Miss Lily, "and you are Miss Armadale's companion, —but you are a great deal nicer and prettier than she is!"

"Don't mind them, Miss Esther," interposed Nurse Wilton, much distressed, "they don't mean to be rude, poor children."

"I am quite sure of that," said Margaret, smiling. "But are you a poor dependant?" persisted Rory; "is she, nurse?"

"Yes, my boy," said Nurse Wilton, gravely, "she is, and so are you, and so am I, and so is Miss Armadale herself."

"Miss Armadale!" repeated Rose, in astonishment, "now, nurse, I know you must be wrong, for I heard mamma and sisters telling about her, and they said she was quite independent, and might do what she pleased, and marry who she chose—and what a good thing it would be if she would marry somebody or other—I forget who—What are you laughing at, Esther?"

"Miss Esther is amused at your gossip, my child," said the nurse, "as well she may be."

"Well, but nurse, what do you mean by saying Miss Armadale is a poor dependant?"

"Come to me and I will tell you." The children ran to her directly, and Margaret looked at the fire.

"Is she not dependent," said Nurse Wilton, "for the air she breathes, the sunshine she walks in, the bread that gives her life, the health that gives her liberty? does she not owe everything to her Father in Heaven? does she not receive it from His hand, and ask it as His blessing? and if He chose, could He not take it all away? Though she is a rich and powerful lady, they say, with a dozen servants at her command, all her riches and all her power could not help her, if God chose to make her unhappy: He could make all her money fail, all her servants leave her, all her friends forget her: He could make her heart ache with trouble, and her cheek pale with sickness, and at any moment He pleases, He can call her to appear before Him in judgment, to give account of the use she has made of His gifts. Is not this to be a poor dependant?"

"Yes, indeed," said Rose, thoughtfully, "but what is the use then of being rich?"

"To do good to the poor," replied the nurse.

"Oh, then I should like to be rich!" cried Rory, clapping his hands, "I would take such care of you, and I would be so kind to Esther, I would!"—repeated

he, jumping again on Margaret's knee—"Why, I declare, nurse, she's crying!"

"Run off, Master Rory—run off, little girls," said Nurse Wilton, "go and play in the next room, quick!"

"The children obeyed immediately, and the nurse, approaching Margaret, humbly begged her pardon if she had said anything that hurt her feelings. "Hurt my feelings!" repeated Margaret, with glistening eyes—"I have to thank you, nurse, for a lesson I shall not soon forget." Nurse Wilton looked at her anxiously. "You're young to have seen so much trouble," she said, "and you must have a free sort of a spirit, or your face would not look so bright and fair through it all. I hope you'll excuse my talking to you in this way, miss: but I don't know, I warned you directly I saw you come in, looking so lovely and modest like: I know what trouble is myself, and I can feel with those who are just beginning it, and little know what's coming!"

The difficulties of her dependants to maintain their assumed characters is often amusing; her maid in the morning masquerade says,—

"Miss Martin, ma'am—Miss Armadale—I beg pardon, just let me arrange that ribbon: you have got it on the wrong side outwards, and if you please, ma'am, the cameo brooch will look best:—oh now, ma'am, you have tumbled your hair—do allow me—" "Heigho!" sighed Miss Martin, looking gloomily at her young lady, "how long is all this mummery to last?"

"It must last a little longer, Martin dear, no one could play a part better than you do: so now we will go down to breakfast, and be sure you lose no opportunity of giving me the cold shoulder." "You may be quite easy on that score, my dear," said Miss Martin, drily, "it is the only part of the business I really enjoy."

Miss Armadale is gradually trained to exalted sentiments of benevolence, regard for the lower orders, and pure religion. Her felicity is made complete, she is blest in herself and a blessing to all around. We conclude with one detached scene of her benignant mission.

"In an upper room of a small house in Durnton, the market town to Welfield, the young Delville party, that we saw at the Vicarage, we find together again. Grace, looking thinner and paler, with an incessant hacking cough, hard at work mending their clothes, and superintending the lessons of her little sisters, who cannot help looking up to watch brother Frank, modelling the clay figure for the beautiful unknown lady. It is the twentieth he has begun, and not one is finished: the poor boy had been so worked up with ambition, his hand could not obey his genius, and he was nearly in a fever with excitement and irritability."

"If I could only see her again, Grace," he said, stopping short, "looking as she did that night, I could do it! but she does not come: it is a week to-day—Oh Grace! do you think she has forgotten us?"

"Oh no," said Grace, "she looked too good."

"Then perhaps she cannot do all that she wanted. I know she is not rich, for I asked Mr. Alfred Crawford that evening, and he said, 'She has everything but riches, Frank.' So perhaps, you know," sighed the poor boy, "she can't get the presentation, and she can't be our friend, so she doesn't come. That is it, you may depend. Oh, Grace, Grace, I cannot do it!" and he caught up his half-finished model, and dashed it on the floor. There was a tap at the door at that instant, and their landlady, with a smile rarely vouchsafed to indigent lodgers, put her head in. "Are you at home, Miss Delville? here are two ladies come to see you."

"It is Esther—beautiful Esther, I know!" cried Grace, starting up, just as Margaret and Miss Martin entered the room.

"All was joy and sunshine immediately: they were by no means empty-handed, having provided themselves at neighbouring shops with a large supply of acceptable presents. The clapping of hands, and jumping about the room, at the sight of the very things they wished for most, were music to Marg-

ret's ears; and her heart glowed as the little ones hugged and kissed her, and called her their dear, dear Esther. "I have not forgotten you, Master Frank," said the heiress, seeing him stand aloof with downcast eyes, "I have got a promise of a presentation for you; and meanwhile you must study as hard as you can. And now have you anything to show me?"

"Frank turned his head away, and Grace eagerly interposed. "We can show you poor Papa's statues, Miss Esther, if you like: I think you will admire them: Mr. Alfred Crawford does, very much indeed."

"I am sure then," observed Miss Martin, "that this lady will admire them too. Where are they, my dear?"

"Grace stepped to a corner of the room, carefully secluded from vulgar eyes by a curtain. She drew it aside, and coming back to Margaret, said sorrowfully, "There they are."

"Yes, there they were, indeed, preserved as relics through penury and despair; the sole memorials left of the sculptor's broken heart: eloquent witnesses, in their calm, undying beauty, of the genius, and poetry, and power, man had not deigned to praise! Who could tell the glorious visions, the lofty aspirations, the hopes, the fears, the agony, the struggle between death and life; that those marble eyes had looked upon! Each had been the foundation of some new hope—each had witnessed its downfall: sick with disappointment, desperate with distress, again and again he maddened to fresh effort—each nobler than the last—all, all in vain: he could chisel Friendship in marble, and throw Mercy into clay, but *not* into the heartless world—than clay more callous—and than marble more cold!"

"Grace, seeing how deeply Margaret was struck with what she saw, advanced reverently to the collection, and lifted an old baize covering from the one they cherished most."

"This was his last, Miss Esther," she said, sadly, "and he called it 'The Friend of Genius.'"

"It was a figure of the Angel of Death."

"Margaret's eyes filled with tears: the story needed no comment: its meaning was written on those desolate walls, and those fair and fragile orphans, who had laid aside their newly-acquired possessions, to gaze with hushed reverence on 'poor papa's treasures.' That form of shadowy beauty, with its half-spread wings, and extended hand, and deep, deep, holy eyes. . . what but the presence of death itself could have stamped its image there? And so it was: death's hand was on him as he wrought, and its shadow had passed over the work: his last strength was expended in its completion, and then he turned sickening away from the sight, and raised his head no more."

"I wonder why it is," said Grace, musingly, "that every one who looks at it, have tears in their eyes. We always call it, as Papa did, 'The Friend of Genius'; and I do love it so: for though I am no genius, I cannot help feeling it is my friend, too."

"Oh, England, England!" thought Miss Armadale, turning away in silent emotion, "and is it in thy generous land, that Genius, life-giver to every noble thought, hath found no friend but death!"

"Miss Martin signed to Frank to draw the curtain, which he did, but his eyes were rivetted on Margaret, and when she sat down among the children, and was busily questioning Grace, he seized the clay he had been shaping in vain, and began to model, with all the ardour of sudden inspiration."

ENGLISH LITERATURE: DISRAELI.

Curiosities of Literature. By Isaac Disraeli. 3 vols. Moxon.

THIS, the fourteenth, edition of a work purely literary would be insulted by critical praise; even if noble men were the critics, of which species there are two anecdotes in the first volume, which so happily illustrate the opinions offered in our last and many preceding *Gazettes* on the subject of criticism, that we cannot help quoting them, familiar as they may be to the majority of readers:—

"Soderini, the Gonfaloniere of Florence, having

had a statue made by the great Michael Angelo, when it was finished, came to inspect it; and having for some time sagaciously considered it, poring now on the face, then on the arms, the knees, the form of the leg, and at length on the foot itself; the statue being of such perfect beauty, he found himself at a loss to display his powers of criticism, only by lavishing his praise. But only to praise might appear as if there had been an obtuseness in the keenness of his criticism. He trembled to find a fault, but a fault must be found. At length he ventured to mutter something concerning the nose; it might, he thought, be something more Grecian. Angelo differed from his grace, but he said he would attempt to gratify his taste. He took up his chisel, and concealed some marble dust in his hand; feigning to re-touch the part, he adroitly let fall some of the dust he held concealed. The cardinal observing it as it fell, transported at the idea of his critical acumen, exclaimed—'Ah, Angelo! you have now given an inimitable grace!'

"When Pope was first introduced to read his *Iliad* to Lord Halifax, the noble critic did not venture to be dissatisfied with so perfect a composition; but, like the cardinal, this passage, and that word, this turn, and that expression, formed the broken cant of his criticisms. The honest poet was stung with vexation; for, in general, the parts at which his lordship hesitated were those with which he was most satisfied. As he returned home with Sir Samuel Garth, he revealed to him the anxiety of his mind. 'Oh,' replied Garth, laughing, 'you are not so well acquainted with his lordship as myself; he must criticise. At your next visit, read to him those very passages as they now stand; tell him that you have recollected his criticisms; and I'll warrant you of his approbation of them. This is what I have done a hundred times myself.' Pope made use of this stratagem; it took, like the marble dust of Angelo; and my lord, like the cardinal, exclaimed—'Dear Pope, they are now inimitable.'"

The practice has in our day descended far below the Noble level, even to the Snob degree; but the lesson is not the less applicable from its wider diffusion. It is all the same: Lord, how we apples swim!

Many a time and oft have the Curiosities of Literature, like all other of Mr. Disraeli's productions, from the *Flim-Flams* (with our dear and still lamented friend, Richard Dagley, as a coadjutor) to the *Calamities of Authors*, delighted our leisure hours; and looking back, with due humility however, on our own labours through many years, we are almost vain enough to hope that a compliment, something similar to the following, may be good-naturedly bestowed upon them, (see *Literary Gazette*, annual volume, from 1817 inclusive)—

"They have survived a generation of rivals; they are found wherever books are bought, and they have been repeatedly reprinted at foreign presses, as well as translated. These volumes have imbued our youth with their first tastes for modern literature, have diffused a delight in critical and philosophical speculation among circles of readers who were not accustomed to literary topics; and finally, they have been honoured by eminent contemporaries, who have long consulted them and set their stamp on the metal."

"A voluminous miscellany, composed at various periods, cannot be exempt from slight inadvertencies. Such a circuit of multifarious knowledge could not be traced were we to measure and count each step by some critical pedometer; life would be too short to effect any reasonable progress. Every work must be judged by its design, and is to be valued by its result."

But let this egotism pass. To these welcome Volumes Mr. Benjamin Disraeli has prefixed a view of the life and writings of his most estimable father; the former treated with the dignified simplicity so congenial to the subject, and the latter with that candid appreciation which, to our taste, beautifully combines filial affection with scholarly and unbiassed judgment. It is indeed a very pleasing performance—a model and pattern for fair and unexaggerated biography; and quite refreshing when we think of what might have been made of the theme, and compare and contrast

what has been done with the interminably particular, and voluminous, and one-sided publications of the same class to which we are, alas! too much accustomed.

The elder Disraeli, whose six volumes are here compressed, without the excision of any of the text, into three, was truly a man to be warmly esteemed, even by those who had only little or occasional intercourse with him. His manners were so bland, his disposition so amiable, his sentiments so generous, and his intelligence so comprehensive, that to know ever so little was to respect, and to know much was to love him. His son has hardly paid him so high a tribute, and perhaps it may come better from one who, though for a long period not a stranger, was not on very intimate terms with his indefatigable and zealous contemporary in literary and archaeological pursuits.

In his preliminary observations, the writer notices certain circumstances of no small interest to those who may now be following in the same traces.

"The sources of secret history at the present day are so rich and various; there is such an eagerness among their possessors to publish family papers, even sometimes in shapes, and at dates so recent, as scarcely to justify their appearance; that modern critics, in their embarrassment of manuscript wealth, are apt to view with too depreciating an eye, the more limited resources of men of letters at the commencement of the century. Not five-and-twenty years ago, when preparing his work on King Charles the First, the application of my father to make some researches in the State Paper Office, was refused by the Secretary of State of the day. Now, foreign potentates and ministers of State, and public corporations and the heads of great houses, feel honoured by such appeals, and respond to them with cordiality. It is not only the State Paper Office of England, but the Archives of France, that are open to the historical investigator. But what has produced this general and expanding taste for literary research in the world, and especially in England? The labours of our elder authors, whose taste and acuteness taught us the value of the materials which we in our ignorance neglected. When my father first frequented the reading-room of the British Museum at the end of the last century, his companions never numbered half a dozen; among them, if I remember rightly, were Mr. Pinkerton and Mr. Douce. Now these daily pilgrims of research may be counted by as many hundreds. Few writers have more contributed to form and diffuse this delightful and profitable taste for research, than the author of the 'Curiosities of Literature'; few writers have been more successful in inducing us to pause before we accepted without a scruple the traditional opinion that has distorted a fact or calumniated a character; and independently of every other claim which he possesses to public respect, his literary discoveries, viewed in relation to the age and the means, were considerable. But he had other claims: a vital spirit in his page, kindred with the souls of a Bayle and a Montaigne. His innumerable imitators and their inevitable failure for half a century alone prove this, and might have made them suspect that there were some ingredients in the spell besides the accumulation of facts and a happy title. Many of their publications, perpetually appearing and constantly forgotten, were drawn up by persons of considerable acquirements, and were ludicrously mimetic of their prototype, even as to the size of the volume and the form of the page. What has become of these 'Varieties of Literature,' and 'Delights of Literature,' and 'Delicacies of Literature,' and 'Relics of Literature,'—and the other Protean forms of uninspired compilation? Dead as they deserve to be: while the work, the idea of which occurred to its writer in his early youth, and which he lived virtually to execute in all the ripeness of his studious manhood, remains as fresh and popular as ever,—the *Literary Miscellany* of the English People."

Of his parent, personally, he finely remarks—

"I have ventured to enter into some details as to the earlier and obscurer years of my father's life, because I thought that they threw light upon human character, and that without them, indeed, a just

appreciation of his career could hardly be formed. I am mistaken, if we do not recognise in his instance two very interesting qualities of life: predisposition and self-formation. There was a third, which I think is to be honoured, and that was his sympathy with his order. No one has written so much about authors, and so well. Indeed, before his time, the *Literary Character* had never been fairly placed before the world. He comprehended its idiosyncrasy; all its strength and all its weakness. He could soften, because he could explain, its infirmities; in the analysis and record of its power, he vindicated the right position of authors in the social scale. They stand between the governors and the governed, he impresses on us in the closing pages of his greatest work. Though he shared none of the calamities, and scarcely any of the controversies, of literature, no one has sympathised so intimately with the sorrows, or so zealously and impartially registered the instructive disputes, of literary men. He loved to celebrate the exploits of great writers, and to show that, in these ages, the pen is as puissant as the sword. He was also the first writer who vindicated the position of the great artist in the history of genius. His pages are studded with pregnant instances and graceful details, borrowed from the life of Art and its votaries, and which his intimate and curious acquaintance with Italian letters readily and happily supplied. Above all writers, he has maintained the greatness of intellect, and the immortality of thought."

"He was himself a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable than the isolation of this prolonged existence; and it could only be accounted for by the united influence of three causes; his birth, which brought him no relations or family acquaintance, the bent of his disposition, and the circumstance of his inheriting an independent fortune, which rendered unnecessary those exertions, that would have broken up his self-reliance. He disliked business, and he never required relaxation; he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London his only amusement was to ramble among booksellers; if he entered a club, it was only to go into the library. In the country, he scarcely ever left his room, but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace; muse over a chapter, or coin a sentence. He had not a single passion or prejudice: all his convictions were the result of his own studies, and were often opposed to the impressions which he had early imbibed. He not only never entered into the politics of the day, but he could never understand them. He never was connected with any particular body or set of men; comrades of school or college, or confederates in that public life which, in England, is, perhaps, the only foundation of real friendship. In the consideration of a question, his mind was quite undisturbed by traditional preconceptions; and it was this exemption from passion and prejudice which, although his intelligence was naturally somewhat too ingenious and fanciful for the conduct of close argument, enabled him, in investigation, often to show many of the highest attributes of the judicial mind, and particularly to sum up evidence with singular happiness and ability."

"Although in private life he was of a timid nature, his moral courage as a writer was unimpeachable. Most certainly, throughout his long career, he never wrote a sentence which he did not believe was true. He will generally be found to be the advocate of the discomfited and the oppressed. So his conclusions are often opposed to popular impressions. This was from no love of paradox, to which he was quite superior; but because in the conduct of his researches, he too often found that the unfortunate are calumniated. His vindication of King James the First, he has himself described as 'an affair of literary conscience': his greater work on the life and times of the son of the first Stuart arose from the same impulse. He had deeply studied our history

during the first moiety of the seventeenth century; he looked upon it as a famous age; he was familiar with the works of its great writers, and there was scarcely one of its almost innumerable pamphlets with which he was not acquainted. During the thoughtful investigations of many years, he had arrived at results which were not adapted to please the passing multitude, but which, because he held them to be authentic, he was uneasy lest he should die without recording. Yet strong as were his convictions, although, notwithstanding his education in the revolutionary philosophy of the eighteenth century, his nature and his studies had made him a votary of loyalty and reverence, his pen was always prompt to do justice to those who might be looked upon as the adversaries of his own cause: and this was because his cause was really truth. If he have upheld Laud under unjust aspersions, the last labour of his literary life was to vindicate the character of Hugh Peters. If, from the recollection of the sufferings of his race, and from profound reflection on the principles of the Institution, he was hostile to the Papacy, no writer in our literature has done more complete justice to the conduct of the English Romanists. Who can read his history of Chidiock Titebourn unmoored? Or can refuse to sympathise with his account of the painful difficulties of the English Monarchs with their loyal subjects of the old faith? If in a parliamentary country he has dared to criticise the conduct of Parliaments, it was only because an impartial judgment had taught him, as he himself expresses it, that 'Parliaments have their passions as well as individuals.'

His loss of sight during his later years was a sad affliction, as it must be to any one, but in a tenfold ratio to a person of his daily and hourly devotedness to books:—

"Towards the end of the year 1839, still in the full vigour of his health and intellect, he suffered a paralysis of the optic nerve; and that eye, which for so long a term had kindled with critical interest over the volumes of so many literatures and so many languages, was doomed to pursue its animated course no more. Considering the bitterness of such a calamity to one whose powers were otherwise not in the least impaired, he bore on the whole his fate with magnanimity, even with cheerfulness. Unhappily, his previous habits of study and composition rendered the habit of dictation intolerable, even impossible to him. But with the assistance of his daughter, whose intelligent solicitude he has commemorated in more than one grateful passage, he selected from his manuscripts three volumes, which he wished to have published under the becoming title of 'A Fragment of a History of English Literature,' but which were eventually given to the public under that of 'Amenities of Literature.'

"He was also enabled during these last years of physical, though not of moral, gloom, to prepare a new edition of his work on the *Life and Times of Charles the First* which had been for some time out of print. He contrived, though slowly, and with great labour, very carefully to revise, and improve, and enrich these volumes, which will now be condensed into three. His miscellaneous works, all illustrative of the political and literary history of this country, will form three more. He was wont to say that the best monument to an author was a good edition of his works: it is my purpose that he should possess this memorial. He has been described by a great authority as a writer, *sui generis*; and, indeed, had he never written, it appears to me that there would have been a gap in our libraries, which it would have been difficult to supply. Of him it might be added that, for an author, his end was an euthanasia, for on the day before he was seized by that fatal epidemic, of the danger of which, to the last moment, he was unconscious, he was apprised by his publishers that all his works were out of print, and that their republication could no longer be delayed.

"In this notice of the career of my father, I have ventured to draw attention to three circumstances which I thought would be esteemed interesting; namely, predisposition, self-formation, and sympathy

with his order. There is yet another which completes and crowns the character,—constancy of purpose; and it is only in considering his course as a whole, that we see how harmonious and consistent have been that life and his labours."

Heartily coinciding with every syllable uttered in well-earned and well-deserved eulogy upon the author of so many works, which will last as long as the language in which they are written, we as heartily recommend this excellent concentration of one of the very best, most various, most instructive, and most interesting of them, to readers throughout the kingdom.

SAM SLICK.

The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony. By the Author of "Sam Slick." 2 vols. Colburn.

THE majority of these papers appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, and the author has remodelled and added to them for this mode of connected publication. This would have been sufficient to recommend the work to us, devoted admirers as we are of the Clockmaker; but he has increased our obligation, by giving us six or eight new chapters, full of his usual humour, keen acuteness, and insight into human life and character. These chapters are the 1st, 6th, 8th, and 9th, in the first volume, and the 19th, 20th, and 21st, in the second. The colonial portraits are indeed replete with truth and nature; and only varying from the original stock as circumstances shape the human mind and human actions. Without farther preamble, we trust it will not be considered a mistake if the *Literary Gazette* select its example from the chapter entitled the Schoolmaster.

"Nova Scotians have been so often assured that they are the ablest, the wisest, and best of men, though their rulers are both ignorant and corrupt, and that they have a rich and fertile country, blessed with a climate more salubrious and agreeable than that of any other part of the world, they begin to think that law and not industry, government and not enterprise, is all that is wanting for the full enjoyment of these numerous advantages. If any man were to say to them that their winters are long and severe, their springs late, cold, and variable, while much of their soil is wet, stony, or unproductive, and that toil and privation are the necessary incidents of such a condition; or venture to assert that, although the province abounds with mineral wealth, skill, capital, and population are necessary to its successful development; or that, although the innumerable streams that intersect the country in every direction are admirably adapted for manufactories, the price of labour is yet too high to render such speculations safe or profitable; and, above all, to tell them that they are idle, conceited, and ignorant; and, so long as they maintain this character, they merit all their poverty and all their wretchedness; these demagogues, to whom you listened yesterday, would call him a rabid Tory, a proud aristocrat, an enemy to the people, a vile slanderer, and a traitor to his country.

"It is a melancholy condition of things; and, so long as education is so grievously neglected as it is at present, there appears to be no hope of a change for the better."

So much for proem. Now for a piece of *Slickish* illustration.

"When a man fails in his trade, or is too lazy to work, he resorts to teaching as a livelihood, and the school-house, like the asylum for the poor, receives all those who are, from misfortune or incapacity, unable to provide for themselves. The wretched teacher has no home; he makes the tour of the settlement, and resides, a stipulated number of days, in every house—for too short a time for his own comfort, and too long for that of the family, who can but ill afford either the tax or the accommodation. He is among them, but not of them. His morning is past in punishing the idleness of others, his evening in being punished for his own; for all are too busy to associate with him. His engagement is generally for a short period. He looks forward to its termination with mingled feelings of hope and fear—in alternate anti-

cipations of a change for the better, or destitution from want of employment. His heart is not in his business, and his work prospers indifferently. He is then succeeded by another, who changes the entire system, and spends his whole time in what he calls rectifying the errors of his predecessor. The school is then unhappily too often closed for want of energy or union among the people; the house is deserted and neglected, the glass is broken by the children, who regard it as a prison. The door, after a long but unsuccessful struggle with the wind, falls, at last, in the conflict; the swine then enter, for protection, from the violence or heat of the weather, and retain possession until expelled by the falling roof, or the rod of a new master. It is evident, therefore, that 'the greatest, wisest, and best of mankind' either do not need instruction, having the wonderful good fortune to possess knowledge intuitively, or else the rest of the human family, whom they are so often told they far excel, must indeed be in a state of hopeless and wretched ignorance.

"The following day, as we were strolling through Bridge Port, a small, straggling village, situated about a mile and a half above Elmsdale, the subject was again accidentally renewed by our hearing the piercing cries of a poor little urchin, who was undergoing the punishment of the rod in the schoolhouse. As Bridge Port aspires to the honour of being called a town, and its ambitious inhabitants entertain sanguine hopes that it will one day rival Illinois in importance, this building exhibits much pretension, having a belfry surmounted by a gilt weather-vane, which, though it does not indicate the direction of the wind, being stationary, either from accident or for the purpose of displaying the broad, glittering side of a golden quill at its top, fulfills all that it was designed for, by ornamenting the village. So handsome a structure, deserving a classical name, is dignified by the appellation of Academy. It was from this seat of learning that the young student's voice was heard complaining of the thorny paths of literature.

"Ah, my good friend, Mr. Enoch Pike, said the Judge, soliloquizing in reference to the teacher, 'if you had ever been in the army, you would have become more indulgent by learning that the tables are sometimes turned, and the master punished himself. I recollect,' he said, addressing himself to me, 'when the Duke of Kent was commander-in-chief at Halifax, going to the barracks to see an officer of the Fusiliers, and, as I passed the regimental school-room on my way upstairs to the quarters of my friend, I found all the children vociferating at the top of their voices, almost wild with excitement and delight. 'Ah! my little fellows,' I said, 'so you have a holiday to-day, have you?'—'Oh, yes, sir,' several of them answered at once, 'oh, yes, sir, master has been flogged to-day; he has just received three hundred lashes.'

"He who needs forgiveness himself ought to be merciful to others. I have several times spoken to Pike about his severity, and recommended to him more forbearance, but he always has one answer. Thinking to pacify me by avowing himself a conservative, he invariably commences: 'Ah, Judge, when I first took charge of this Academy, I was a Radical, a thorough-going Radical; but I soon found a school required a good strict Tory government. Freedom and equality sound prettily in theory, but they don't work well in practice. You, who have presided in courts of justice, and I, who have presided in seats of learning, know that nothing but a stern air and a strong arm will preserve order.'—'Oh, yes,' I reply, 'that is all very well—but strictness is one thing, and severity another. You must be moderate. Patience is a cardinal virtue in an instructor.'—'Oh, sir,' he says, 'I am the most patient man in the world, but there is a point—there is a line, you know, sir, beyond which, ahem!—there is a limit—a bound—a terminus you may call it—a place where you must stop. They talk about the patience of Job, Judge. I have read every thing about that illustrious man with great care, sir; and, in my humble opinion, his patience was never fairly tried. Job never was a schoolmaster, Judge—oh, no! oh no! he can't be said to have been fairly tried. Job never kept a school. Cor-

poral punishment, Judge, either in schools or the army, cannot be dispensed with. We say, and say truly, the rod of the empire! I have often asked myself with Virgil, *Quid domini facient*—What shall masters do without the birch? and answer with Ovid, *Principiis obsta*—Nip an offence in the bud; or with Horace, *Quicquid præcipies esto breve*—Let it be a word and a blow. All antiquity is in its favour, and Solomon recommends a liberal use of it. Spare it, says he, and you spoil the child. The quantity of flogging is very properly left to the discretion of the master; the true rule, perhaps, is, *Nocturnâ versate manu versate diurnâ*—Turn them up and whip them by day or night when needed, not urging them too fast, but keeping a steady rein. *Festina Lentè*—An even travelling gait is the proper course. In this manner, he runs on, making the most absurd application possible of his quotations, and regularly talks me down, so that I am glad to drop the subject, and quit the house.

"They have had a strange set of masters here: one was a universal genius, and converted his school into a sort of workshop. He painted signs and signboards, gilded frames, repaired watches and guns, made keys in place of missing ones, veneered bones and tables, cut and lettered tomb-stones, and was devoted to carving and turning. He prided himself upon being able to execute any difficult little job, that exceeded the skill of anybody else in the country. He preferred every thing to teaching, and his scholars preferred him to every other master; for it seemed to be a fixed principle with him not to trouble them if they would observe the same forbearance towards him. But the parents, not approving of this amicable treaty, refused to ratify it, and he was discharged, to the great grief of the young men, and the infinite loss of all young ladies who had brooches, lockets, or bracelets to mend.

"Universal Smith was universally regretted. His successor, though equally engaged for others, was a totally different person. Instead of mending and patching up things for his neighbours, he made more breaches than Universal Smith could have soldered or welded together again in a long life. He set the people by the ears; and, when he failed in an attempt to separate friends, got up a little quarrel with them on his own account. He piqued himself on his knowledge of law, and advised tenants to overhold, and landlords to distrain, and, being a talebearer, was a great promoter of actions of defamation, in which he was generally a witness, and attested to different words from those laid in the declaration, whereby his friends were nonsuited, and his foes escaped. He induced several persons who were indifferently honest to expose their roguery by endeavouring to evade the payment of their just debts, by availing themselves of the benefit of the statute of limitations. Even his boys were set against each other, so that scarcely any two of them were upon speaking terms.

"At that time, there was a female school held in one end of the apartment, which was divided into two rooms by a temporary wooden screen. This afforded too good an opportunity for hostilities to be neglected, and he, accordingly, attempted to drive away the teacher and her children by resorting to every petty annoyance and insult in his power; but, finding their endurance superior to his patience, he commenced a regular system of encroachment. He was always at his post an hour before the school commenced, during which time the partition was advanced a few inches, until he succeeded in thrusting them out and engrossing the whole building.

"He was a constant contributor to a scurrilous newspaper, published at Illinoo, in which he misrepresented the motives and conduct of every gentleman in the neighbourhood, and, as is always the case with people of this description, seemed to take peculiar pleasure in abusing those to whom he was most indebted for personal or pecuniary kindness. At last, he managed to quarrel with the boys, their parents, and, finally, the trustees of the school; which ended, first in his dismissal, and then in a lawsuit, that terminated in his ruin and sudden disappearance from the place.

"After this, the school was closed for some time, for want of a master, when a stranger presented himself as a candidate, and was accepted."

A continuance of blundering and mischance goes on; but we must leave our clever and ever entertaining friend to speak for himself on this and the other interesting subjects which his book discusses.

CHEMISTRY.

AMONGST the numerous revolutions of the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, not the least memorable was the new regime of academic study, the introduction of physical and political sciences to university honours. Pressure from without, doubtless, accelerated the movement, the forces of which, however, have been for years accumulating. And the new impulse given to the spread of physical knowledge by the admission of it to university education will be felt for years. Already the change has had effect, and one sign of it is increased vigour in scientific publication; new editions and new works appear in improving demand. Of chemical publications, in 1848, we have a few before us as yet unnoticed.

Rose's Practical Treatise of Chemical Analysis, by A. Normandy (Tegg and Co.), should not have been left to this mere summary of *remanets*, but that the volume before us is the second (quantitative), completing the work, and Rose's fame requires no farther aid from us to trumpet it forth. The present edition, however, has been made more acceptable to readers less advanced in chemical knowledge by a practical introduction by A. Normandy, giving the rationale of the processes upon which the analysis of compounds is based, and an epitome of the reactions of general and of particular bodies upon other substances and upon each other; embracing, moreover, the classification of metals and of oxides according to the last researches of Regault.

Bowman's Practical Chemistry (Churchill) is one of the best text books we have almost ever seen. The experience of two able class teachers is here united to lead the student to a love of chemistry, and to appreciate the excellent works of Rose, Fresenius, Parnell, and others, upon which the second and third parts of the present little work are mainly based. The experimental illustrations, too, are very clear.

Chemistry no Mystery, second edition, (Hall and Co.) Lectures to inculcate the first principles of chemistry; that it has reached a second edition, appears to us a greater proof of the growing desire for information than of any innate excellence.

Noad's Chemical Analysis, &c. (Baldwin), has been drawn up as a part of a series of chemical treatises commenced some years ago in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and now, after a considerable interval, resumed by the present publisher. Within that interval, Mr. Noad says, how great has been the advance of chemistry! how numerous and important the discoveries that have been made!—more numerous than important we think, but we look forward and hope much.

To the foregoing we may add, as allied in subject, *Fownes's Actonian Prize Essay*, second edition, (Churchill.) "Chemistry as exemplifying the wisdom and beneficence of God." With the exception of a very few changes, chiefly verbal, and a note at the end of the appendix, entitled, "Reason and Scripture," the work is merely a reprint. With the sentiments of the author as expressed in the note, we cordially concur.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Layard's Nineveh, and its Remains.

[Second Notice.]

OUR author availed himself of a lull or pause, to make an excursion into the Tiyari mountains, and visit Kurds, Chaldean population, Nestorians, and Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers; and of these anon. On his way he says—

"As I was anxious to visit the French excavations at Khorsabad, on my way to the mountains, I left

Mosul early in the afternoon, notwithstanding the great heat of the sun. It was the sixth day of Ramazan, and the Mahomedans were still endeavouring to sleep away their hunger when I passed through the gates, and crossed the bridge of boats. Leaving my baggage and servants to follow leisurely, I galloped on with the Albanians, and reached Khorsabad in about two hours.

"The mound is about fourteen miles N.N.E. of Mosul. A village formerly stood on its summit, but the houses were purchased and removed by M. Botta, when the excavations were undertaken by the French Government. It has been rebuilt in the plain at the foot of the mound. The Khauser, a small stream issuing from the hills of Makhoub, is divided into numerous branches as it approaches the village, and irrigates extensive rice grounds. The place is, consequently, very unhealthy, and the few squalid inhabitants who appeared, were almost speechless from ague. During M. Botta's excavations, the workmen suffered greatly from fever, and many fell victims to it.

"The mode of carrying on the excavations resembled that which I adopted at Nimroud; and the general plan of construction is the same as in the Assyrian edifices already described. There are, however, more narrow passages in this building than at Nimroud, and the chambers are inferior in size. At the same time, the slabs used in their construction are, in general, higher, though narrower. The relief in the larger figures is more bold, in the smaller there is little difference. The human-headed bulls differ principally in the head-dress from those of the earliest buildings at Nimroud; the three-horned cap is higher, and is not rounded off, the top being richly ornamented. The head-dress, in fact, is like that of similar winged animals at Persepolis. The faces of several of the bulls were turned inwards, which gave them an awkward and unsightly appearance.

"Since M. Botta's departure, the chambers had been partly filled up by the falling in of the trenches; the sculptures were rapidly perishing; and, shortly, little will remain of this remarkable monument. Scarcely any part of the building had escaped the fire which destroyed it, and, consequently, very few sculptures could be removed. Of exterior architecture I could find no trace, except a flight of steps, flanked by solid masonry, which appears to have led up to a small temple of black stone or basalt, a few traces of which still remain. At the foot of the mound lies an altar or tripod, similar to that now in the Louvre, and part of a shaft of a column, which, probably, did not belong to the building.

"The subjects of the sculptures, and the characters used in the inscriptions, have a general resemblance to those of Nimroud. I shall point out hereafter in what manner they differ."

This brief antiquarian passage brings us to the sketches of the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, but they are too long for this sheet, and must be reserved for another Gazette.

Sacra Privata. By the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Dr. Thomas Wilson. Pickering.

THE pious meditations of the patriarchal bishop, who wore the mitre of this see for eight-and-fifty years, are now presented to the world in an extremely neat and cheap, instead of a costly volume, and it is to be hoped they will bear their good fruits over a very extensive circle. The virtue of prayer could hardly be exhibited in a more engaging form.

Our Cousins of Ohio.—By Mary Howitt. Darton and Co.

IN the shape of a book for young people, Mrs. Howitt has gone through the twelve months of a year in Ohio, and represented in a lively manner the face of the country, its products, natural history, customs, and occupations of its inhabitants. Lying on the boundaries of savage life, the picture is both peculiar and interesting; and what with anecdotes, stories, and other varieties, we think that elders, as well as youngsters, will be well pleased with a volume which affords so much information in so agreeable a way.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

On Wednesday commenced at Folkestone a series of experimental demonstrations of the practicability of conveying intelligence by electricity, as on land, by means of wires coated with gutta percha and sunk to the bottom of the sea. This application of the invention has been patented by a Mr. Foster, and the experiments were conducted by Mr. Walker, who is well acquainted with the process along the line of railroad. By the liberality of the South Eastern directors, (a liberality displayed upon every occasion where science or public interests are concerned, as in the instance of the visit of the Parisian National Guards), every gentleman connected with the press, or holding an invitation card to witness the trial by the submerged medium, passed freely and without charge up and down the line, at any time and by any carriages they chose. A considerable number availed themselves of this handsome provision, and at noon on Wednesday, some forty persons interested in the subject were assembled on the pier of Folkestone, in the harbour of which, alongside of the quay, lay the steamer "Princess Clementine," on board of which the necessary apparatus was deposited. It had been intended to proceed to sea in her for two miles, dropping the wire to that distance from its connexion with the South Eastern Company's line of communication at their station-house on the shore; but the weather did not permit of this being done, as the wind during the night and morning had caused a rough swell in the waves off the mouth of the harbour. Instead, therefore, of going out, the wire was laid down round the point and into the basin, where the vessel lay steadily at rest. Two miles in length were uncoiled from a drum on which it had been wound, and thus, though not in extent in the form of a straight line, the same quantity was in the same situation under the water so as to fulfil the conditions of the case submitted to this test.

Some drawback was felt in the absence of management in the parties concerned. Strangers found themselves at the Pavilion Hotel without a syllable of instruction as to where they were to go, what time, what was the precise object, or what was to be explained. The consequence was that everybody was inquiring of everybody else; at last, about half-past twelve o'clock, Mr. Walker having fitted up his battery and arranged his indices, &c., proceeded to handle the instruments, the surrounding spectators being ignorant of what he was about, or what results were expected. There ought to have been a brief statement of the matter; in what the novel application consisted, how it was to be used, and what would ensue. But not a word was said. All looked on and saw the needle settled to its perpendicular, and, as Mr. Walker handled the brass key below, vacillating between two small ivory pegs on the face of the dial, and about two inches or a little more apart. As it pointed to certain letters and figures, Mr. Walker informed those nearest to him that he had communicated with the London terminus, and received an answer that all was right. But this was an absurd way of managing the business; for though everything was perfectly familiar to him, very few, if any, of his visitors knew anything about the matter; and to them, as far as outward appearances went, the needle was simply obeying the movements of his hand beneath, both in the sending and receiving messages. This was, however, nothing but a want of tact in the manner of carrying through the correspondence; and it was fortunately set all right by Mr. Renshaw, one of the South-Eastern directors, who happened to be present with Capt. Denham, R.N. Observing how doubtful and unsatisfactory the impression on the spectators was, Mr. Renshaw required Mr. Walker to transmit the following message, in his name, to London Bridge: "At what time does the Board meet to-morrow?" Mr. R. having the notice of the hour at which he had been summoned to attend it in his pocket. To this, in about three minutes, the answer was returned: "Tell Mr. Renshaw the meeting is at one o'clock!" Mr. Renshaw then stepped forward and complimented Mr. Walker on the

complete accuracy and success of his experiment, amid the approbation of the assembled company, who could now see clearly that it was an accomplished fact. Subsequent repetitions of the same kind fully confirmed the readiness and certainty of the invention.

The specimens of the wires, some of iron and some of copper, some single, some trebled, and some twisted for the sake of easy flexion; some with single coatings of the gutta percha, and some double, from the eighth of an inch to half an inch in diameter, may be employed according to circumstances, and there is nothing to prevent lines being laid down between England and France across the Channel. These lines will of course be subject to accident, the action of the salt water may affect them; but it seems to us that with care, prudence, and the appliance of science, these and all other, if any other, difficulties may be overcome, and this wonderful international communication be surely and permanently established. What electric eels or other fishes may do with the gutta percha tubes we cannot foresee; but vessels rarely anchor in the channel, there is no drawing for fish, and, in short, there are very few incidents likely to interfere with or hurt this extraordinary operation.

PASSAGE OF HYDROGEN THROUGH SOLID BODIES.

M. LOUYET states, that if a current of hydrogen gas emanating from a capillary orifice be directed against a sheet of paper held a few millimetres from the orifice, so that the current be perpendicular to it, the paper is traversed by the gas. But the gas is not sifted through, as might have been expected; it passes as a current, and may be inflamed behind the paper as though nothing intervened between the gaseous current and the ignited matter; and farther, spongy platinum becomes incandescent behind the paper, in the path of the current, if the paper be three or four centimetres from the orifice, provided the metal is placed against the paper, or, at least, a very slight distance from it. The pressure under which the phenomenon is produced does not exceed from 10 to 12 centimetres of water. To my great surprise, M. Louyet adds, I have established that hydrogen gas traverses with equal facility gold leaf and beaten silver. Thus surround spongy platinum with several folds of gold or silver leaf, and direct against it a current of hydrogen, the platinum will become incandescent, and the gold or silver will adhere to its surface. Behind leaf tin, also, spongy platinum is, in like manner, strongly heated. Through a thin membrane of gutta percha, such as is obtained by evaporating a slight layer of it from a solution in chloroform, hydrogen likewise passes; but hydrogen gas does not sensibly pass through pellicles of blown glass, however thin they may be.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

THE first *soirée* of the season of this noble institution took place on last Wednesday evening, and was numerously attended. The library presented a brilliant *comp d'œil*, and contained a highly interesting collection of specimens of art and of objects of natural history. At eight o'clock, the company adjourned to the spacious lecture room, which was filled to overflowing, when an eloquent and highly interesting lecture was delivered by Dr. Mantell; the subject being the structure of reptiles, and the fossil remains of some of the most remarkable extinct forms.

In the introduction, the lecturer noticed some of the most important discoveries in geology and palæontology made during the last year, and incidentally alluded to the gold regions of California, the fossil birds of New Zealand, the occurrence of the soft parts of extinct animals, resembling those found in the chalk and flint of England, or the limestones of India. He especially solicited the attention of medical men to the question as to the probable influence of the geological structure of a locality on the production of typhus, cholera, and other diseases of

A few of them are lying on our publisher's desk, in the Strand, for the inspection of the curious.—Ed. L. G.

a like nature; a theory brought forward by an eminent French physician, M. Fourcault, and supposed to be supported by the phenomena attendant on the progress and development of cholera in France, during its invasion in 1835,—the development and intensity of the disease being in a great measure confined to districts of sedimentary or diluvial deposits; thus the towns and villages situated on the great plateau of crystalline rocks, spread over central France, were in a great measure, if not wholly, exempt from the invasions of the malady.

The immediate subject of the lecture was then introduced by a lucid exposition of the structure of living reptiles, and especially of such points of their osteology as tended to illustrate the fossil remains. A general view of the geological distribution of reptiles was shown in a highly valuable table, drawn up with great care, and comprehending all the recent discoveries in this department of palæontology. After a concise and graphic description of the several remarkable and well known fossil remains—as the Salamander of (Ering), the Mosasaurus of Maccricht, the Ichthyosaurus, Plesiosaurus, Pterodactyles, &c.—the lecturer proceeded to a somewhat detailed exposition of the structure and physiology of the three extraordinary genera of gigantic saurians, constituting the order *Dinosauria*, of Prof. Owen—namely, the Megalosaurus, Hylæosaurus, and Iguanodon. Of the latter colossal reptile, numerous massy bones were exhibited on the lecture table; and the walls of the spacious lecture room were covered with drawings of actual specimens and restorations of the animal, of the natural, and therefore stupendous, proportions. After describing the peculiar structure of the teeth and jaws, from the specimen discovered by Captain Lambert Brichtenden (of which figures and descriptions are published in the last part of the *Philos. Trans.*), Dr. Mantell gave an account of some important additions which he had lately been able to make to his previous knowledge of the osteology of the Iguanodon. He exhibited the humerus (arm-bone), three feet long, and the scapula, or shoulder-blade, both now for the first time determinable; and he showed the connexion of the scapula with the coracoid bone, which he had ascribed to the Iguanodon, in his memoir published in *Philos. Trans.*, 1841.

He then sketched a restored figure of the pectoral arch, consisting of the clavicles, coracoids, and scapulae, in their presumed natural relations, as inferred from the structure presented in the skeletons of the Crocodile, Iguana, &c., on the table. Thus, the characters of the fore limbs of the Iguanodon were the first time demonstrated; for the appropriation to that reptile of both the humerus and scapula exhibited, Dr. Mantell stated he had ascertained by a reference to the Maidstone specimen in which both bones occur, though they had never before been correctly interpreted. The great disproportion between the size of the humerus and femur, the former being one-third shorter than the latter, had previously induced him to assign the humerus in question to the fore arm; but the gigantic humerus exhibited characters which left no doubt upon the subject: these characters he then pointed out. The same diminished size of the fore limb in relation to the hinder, occurs in many fossil genera, and also in recent lizards, and an example was adduced in a very fine specimen of the *Chlamydosaurus* from Australia, presented by Mr. Edwin Harford.

Dr. Mantell then gave a luminous description of the vertebral column of the Iguanodon, which he stated was the result of a laborious investigation of this intricate subject by Dr. G. A. Melville, whose profound anatomical skill had enabled him to solve a problem of no little difficulty. The cervical, or vertebrae of the neck, are convex in front and concave behind, as in the rhinoceros and other pachyderms, and the convexity gradually diminishes in the dorsal and ultimately in the middle dorsal and lumbar, the anterior face becomes flat, and the posterior slightly concave.

The sacrum, the remarkable structure of which was first made known by Professor Owen, whose

labours in paleontology the lecturer highly enlarged, consists of six ankylosed vertebrae, (not five, as hitherto supposed,) the neural arches being shifted from the middle of the body to the intervertebral ankylosed spaces; and he referred for a beautiful exposition of this structure to Professor Owen's reports on British Fossil Reptiles. The caudal, or vertebrae of the tail, in their various modifications as determined by Dr. Melville, from the laterally compressed sub-oval body to the sub-angular, and finally angular, were successively demonstrated, and the apparent discrepancy in the forms of the various vertebrae assigned to the Iguanodon was shown not to be greater than existed in the skeletons of recent reptiles on the table. In treating of the caudal vertebrae, Dr. Mantell mentioned that in a certain fossil reptile, called the *Poikilopleuron*, the body of the vertebra, which is generally solid, contained a large medullary hollow or cell, which in a fossil state was often filled with calcareous spar. This structure, he observed, had been considered by some eminent paleontologists as a distinctive character, but which (as Dr. M. demonstrated, by exhibiting sections of the bones of the tail of an ox) occurs in the tails of some of our domestic mammalia; a fact, he believed, not generally known. Dr. M. then took a review of the age of reptiles, and commented on the prevailing opinion, that the great development of the reptile tribes during the secondary epochs of geology, proved that the condition of the atmosphere and of the earth was such as to render the existence of warm-blooded animals impossible, an hypothesis which he regarded as utterly untenable, and contradicted by known facts. So far as geological investigations afforded any knowledge of the past physical history of our planet, there was, in his opinion, no evidence of a different constitution of the atmosphere to that which now prevails; and many facts and arguments were adduced in support of this statement. Our retrospective knowledge carried us only back to the time when oxygen and hydrogen existed in combination as the universal fluid as now; of which we had evidence in the most ancient sedimentary strata. All beyond is veiled from our sight, by the crystalline masses which form the foundation of the stratified deposits. And although it was impossible not to theorize upon that still earlier condition of our globe in which we might suppose a solid nucleus, perhaps of granite, to have been formed, still it was improbable that any of the granite accessible to human ken was part of that hypothetical primitive nucleus. An eloquent peroration, comprising a view of the nebular theory of Laplace, concluded a discourse which, though extending over an hour and a half, was listened to with the greatest attention to its close.

We should have mentioned that beautiful skeletons of iguanas, turtles, serpents, crocodiles, &c., were contributed by Professor Bell, the Zoological Society, &c.; and fossil bones by Mr. Snull and Mr. Fowlstone. In the library was suspended a splendid restoration of the colossal fossil tortoise of India, 18 feet long, drawn by Mr. Scharf.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Jan. 9.—Mr. J. Field, President, in the chair. Read:—"A Description of the improved Forms of Water-Wheels," by Mr. W. Fairbairn. After noticing the opportunity for improvement afforded by the substitution of cast and wrought-iron for timber, in the construction of hydraulic machines, the author pointed out the disadvantages and loss of power attending the principle and the form of the old water-wheels. He quoted Dr. Robinson's "Mechanical Philosophy," for the numerous disadvantages of the old form of bucket, and the difficulties arising from the attempts of the old millwrights to design a shape which should retain the water for a greater length of time in it, and thus give out more power. The chief difficulty was the opposition of the air to the entrance of the water; and numerous contrivances, such as boring holes in the starts, making the spout much narrower than the face of the bucket, &c., were tried;

but still the difficulties existed, and induced Mr. Fairbairn to adopt the construction described in the paper, and which he termed "The Ventilating Water-Wheel," the general object of the modifications of which was to prevent the condensation of the air, and to permit its escape during the filling of the bucket with water, as also its re-admission during the discharge of the water into the lower mill-race. The paper then described minutely the principles and the construction of the large wheels erected for the Catrine and Deanston works; for Mr. Brown, of Linwood, near Paisley; for Mr. Duckworth, of Handforth; for Mr. Ainsworth, of Cleator; and for others; and showed that, in all cases, the system had proved eminently successful. These wheels were all on the suspension principle, with wrought-iron arms, radiating from cast-iron centres to the periphery, and so placed that the whole structure was in tension, the motion being communicated from internal toothed wheels, fixed to the shrouding. The various modifications of the forms best adapted for different heights of fall were described; but it will suffice to give that for breast-wheels for high falls, as it appeared the most complete. These were described to possess many advantages beyond the overshot, the undershot, or the common breast wheels, and were best adapted for falls not exceeding eighteen or twenty feet, and where at times there was a considerable depth of back water; and such was the improvement caused by this system, that the wheel at Mr. Ainsworth's mill was frequently plunged from five to six feet in the back water, without its uniform speed being impeded. The wheel had a close sole, the tail ends of the buckets were turned up at a distance of two inches from the back of the sole plate, and running parallel with it, terminated within about two inches of the bend of the bucket, immediately above it. The water, in entering the bucket, drove the air out by the aperture into the space behind, and thence into the bucket above, and so on in succession. The converse occurred when the buckets were emptied, as the air was enabled to flow in as fast as the wheel arrived at such a position as to permit the water to escape. It appeared to be allowed that this system had been very generally successful, and that the results obtained, had approached, very recently, to the stated duty of the Turbine, whose powers had, however, been much exaggerated, and had been allowed, recently, by M. Fourneyron, not to have obtained more than about seventy-two per cent. as a mean duty.

ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—PARIS.

Jan. 2nd.—M. Boussingault, President, in the chair. At the commencement of the meeting, M. Pouillet, according to rule, resigned the presidency to the Vice President of 1848, M. Boussingault; and M. Duperrey was named Vice-President for 1849, he having received 37 out of 41 votes. MM. Lamé, Binet, Ch. Dupin, and Regnault, each receiving one. The Committee, consisting of MM. Arago, Biot, Cauchy, Flourens, Thenard, Chevreul, and Pouillet, appointed at a former meeting to present a list of eminent names to be balloted for to fill the vacancy in the Foreign Associates, occasioned by the death of Berzelius, handed in the following list. Brewster, of St. Andrews; Buckland, of London; Ehrenberg, of Berlin; Herschel, of Collingwood (Kent); Liebig, of Giessen; Melloni, of Naples; Mitscherlich, of Berlin; Tiedemann, of Heidelberg. For Brewster were given 28 votes, for Tiedemann, 7, and for Ehrenberg and Melloni, one each; in all, 40 votes. Sir David was therefore declared elected.

Insulation of subterraneous or submarine telegraphic wires.—M. Dujardin, of Lille, proposes, as a means of insulating metallic wires intended for telegraphic communication under ground or under water, to cover them with an india-rubber ribbon one centimetre wide and one millimetre thick, and to wind spirally above the caoutchouc, leaf lead, four millimetres wide and one millimetre thick. The covering of lead will serve to protect the india rubber from external blows and from friction. Specimens were exhibited.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject for the *Setonian Prize*, this year, is "Edom;" any poem of distinguished merit is promised 86*l*. The *Hulcan Prize*, of about 100*l*., is announced for the best dissertation on "The Influence of the Jewish and Christian Revelations on Pagan Writers."

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Jan. 10th.—Council Meeting.—The following communications were laid before the Council.—1. On early Christian monuments in the catacombs at Malta; by the President. 2. On a brooch, inscribed "Memento Maria Regis. obt. 28 Decem. 94;" by Mr. Widdowson. 3. A paper illustrative of the mediæval and Arabic numerals; by Mr. Yewd. 4. On a pig of lead found in Nottinghamshire, inscribed c. ixl. PROT. BRIT. LVT. EX. ARG.; by Mr. Bateman. 5. Discovery of a Roman burial-place near Shorne, in Kent, with sketches of remarkable varieties of flint vessels recently excavated there; by Mr. W. Crafter. Mr. Jesse exhibited a helmet of the time of James I., found in the Thames at Richmond; also, an Etruscan bronze tripod. Mr. Croker announced that the Local Committee at Chester had already held meetings for the Congress preliminaries, and that the people of Liverpool had expressed a strong desire to promote the objects of the meeting, and would co-operate with the citizens of Chester.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

It is reported that at a late meeting of the council of the Institute it was resolved, in consequence of the loss sustained by Mr. Parker in printing and publishing their proceedings, that the agreement between the two parties should not be renewed.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 2 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m. (Anniversary and election of President and Council for the ensuing year.)
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 84 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 84 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, 8 p.m. (Mr. Cockerell's third lecture on Architecture.)
Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m. (Dr. Whewell on the Idea of Polarity.)
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Royal Botanic, 34 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

"Heaven and Earth shall pass away: but My Words shall not pass away." Painted by Count D'Orsay. Lithographed by Lane. Hogarth.

This representation of Our Saviour, from the above text in St. Luke, is alike elevated in conception and admirable in execution. Count D'Orsay is no longer to be designated (if he could even heretofore be esteemed) an Amateur, for he has in this work displayed the highest feelings for the most difficult of subjects, the truth and identity of God-Man, and also the most artistic execution. Simplicity and grandeur are the elements of this composition; and the impression it makes upon the sense of the spectator is all that could be aimed at—pity for the sorrows of the man, adoration for that which shall not pass away. Mr. Lane has surpassed himself in rendering it as splendid in lithography as it is masterly in design.

Portrait of Sir Isaac Newton.

Our readers may remember our notice of this fine intellectual portrait, when brought to London by its possessor, Mr. Grove, and submitted by him to the judgment of the artistic world. Since then, we are informed, its history has met with further corroboration from Miss Walter, of Church Hill, Andover, the aged sister of its former proprietor, Mr. Walter, of Ashby. She relates that the picture had been long in the family, and that there was a supposed connexion in consequence of the name of Newton being affixed for a hundred years to some of its cadets, such as, the late Edward Newton Walter, Vicar of Southend, &c.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Wednesday, Jan. 10.

THE great literary event of the present week—and it will probably be the greatest of the whole year—is the publication of M. Guizot's pamphlet, on "Democracy in France," which has taken place to-day. Although at the moment at which I write, the work has only been before the public for a few hours, the sale has already been considerable, and it is certain that several large editions will be required; whilst immediate translation into every European language is a matter of course. The sensation which such a work, from such a pen, will create, in France in particular, will be immense. Every man of the slightest political intelligence, or the slightest literary taste, will eagerly devour it; newspapers will make it the subject of controversy for weeks; feuilletons and reviews will heap on it all the laudatory terms of the language. Never perhaps has any work come forth with more weighty claims on public attention; for never did a man who, in his own person, is a great writer, a profound thinker, a powerful statesman, and an unrivalled orator, address himself to his country and Europe on such a fearful crisis, and after such an awful political tempest as that which drove him into exile.

One of the best feuilletons which Jules Janin has written for many a long day, appeared in the *Débats* of Monday. It consists of a sort of literary, artistic, scientific, and political contrast between the Revolution of 1830 and that of February 1848. I have often wondered that this theme has not been taken up before, as it is both interesting and important. Compared with its predecessor, the Revolution of 1848 cuts, it must needs be confessed, a pitiable figure. It has created nothing new—it has vivified nothing that was old—it has produced no great men—raised into eminence no struggling talent. All that can be said of it, is, that when it has not been a pestilential blight, annihilating for a time literature, science, and art, it has been nothing more than a dreary and dismal blank. In urging this, I am not talking politics, I am stating facts. If you call for proof—it is ready:

Not one literary work of sterling merit in any department, from the highest to the lowest, can be named as the undoubted offspring of the revolution; science has done literally nothing under its fell influence; and as to art, thanks to the revolution, it has made itself the laughing stock of Europe: witness the annual exhibition of pictures at the Louvre, and the deplorable competitions set on foot by the government. And if you ask for the revolution's great men, where are they? In the senate, in the cabinet, in war, in the closet—where are they?

But look back to the revolution of 1830, and mark the contrast. Take, as Janin does, the men who then burst on the world, or who from that date have shone with a greater and more dazzling brilliancy. There are Balzac, Hugo, Dumas, Pradier, Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, and a hundred others, who have made themselves names that stand high in the estimation of Europe; whilst some, and not a few, have gained renown that posterity will not willingly let die. The July revolution, in fact, will ever be noted for the extraordinary *élans* which it gave to philosophy, poetry, romance, the drama, painting, sculpture, medicine, politics; in a word, everything on which enlightenment and progress depend.

You will see by the papers, that poor Alexandre Dumas has been so persecuted by the Philistines, that he has been obliged to fly to the courts for protection from arrest, on condition of giving up all that he has. All the world knows that he has long been overwhelmed with debt; and yet for years past his earnings cannot have averaged less than £6,000 annually, whilst in some years this must have been doubled. But Dumas, like a true child of genius as he is, knows not the value of money; he squanders it away in the wildest follies, gives to everybody that asks him, and constantly maintains a host of dependants and toadies. In his application to the court, he ascribed his insolvency to the failure of publishers,

and to the decreased demand and payment for literary labours since the revolution. The truth, however, is, that though these circumstances have hastened his downfall, they have not caused it.

Lamartine has met with a rebuff which must be very galling to his literary pride: the Théâtre Français, or Théâtre de la République, as it is now named, has declined to accept his tragedy, called *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, from which he expected great things. It appears that, pressed for money, he some time ago sold the copyright and the right of representation to a publisher for 800*l.*, and the publisher demanded 1000*l.* from the theatre. This the Français people flatly refused to give. The consequence will probably be, either that the tragedy will not be acted at all, or that it will have to go a begging to the Porte St. Martin. It is whispered that the piece is by no means brilliant as a literary production, and that it promises as fairly as ever tragedy did to be a dead failure on the stage. Fate, by the way, seems just now bent on wreaking vengeance on poor Lamartine. Not only has it overwhelmed him with humiliation in the political arena, but it heaps on him mortification on mortification in his literary capacity, inasmuch as, in addition to this affair of the tragedy, it has caused his "Confidences," now publishing in the *Presse*, to be totally disregarded by the public; or rather—so namby pamby are they—to be regarded with something akin to pity and contempt.

The Chimpanzee, at the Garden of Plants, died on the 1st. Though the poor fellow had only been a few months in the country, he, by his docility and intelligence, had made himself a great favourite with the public; whilst, by the students of natural history, his loss is very sincerely deplored.

We shall soon have the Italian Theatre open again, with all the *troupe* we have had this season, with the exception of Mesdames Persiani and Clari, both great favourites; but to make up for them, we are promised Lablache and Alboni, and, perhaps, the immortal Jenny. Ah! if the perhaps should be realized! But alas! we have faint hopes indeed that it will; for the theatre, when Paris is almost completely deserted by the aristocracy, can scarcely afford to pay such an *artiste* as Lind what she would be entitled to expect. Besides, there are ugly stories about, of Jenny having registered a solemn vow in heaven, never, on any account, to sing in Paris, owing to the infamous manner in which she was treated by the management of the Académie Royale some years ago, when her demand to be allowed to *débüt* (she was then quite unknown) was coarsely and insolently rejected.

The only theatrical incident worth noticing is the production of a musical fable, called the *Caid*, at the Opera Comique. The plot, characters, and words, are laughable in the extreme, and the music is capital. The trifle being admirably acted, sung, and executed, obtains great success.

NOTES FROM ABROAD.

A violent Gale and Tempest visited Malta on the 27th ult., wrecked vessels in the bay, and did great damage on the shore. So destructive and awful a storm is not remembered on the island. The whole Mediterranean Sea has also been unusually tempestuous towards the close of the year.

Overland to India.—An extraordinary quantity of rain has fallen in the Suez desert, and in many places the water has formed channels several yards wide, and from three to four feet deep, running at a rapid rate towards the sea.—*Times Correspondent*.

Christianity in Egypt.—Last week, the European residents of Alexandria had the satisfaction of hearing the tones of a full-sized bell belonging to a church just built by the Jesuits in this town. This is the first bell that has been heard to ring in the Ottoman Empire, and the Christians owe this concession entirely to Mehemet Ali's liberal policy. The Jesuits began their church long after the English had commenced theirs, and still the latter, from want of funds, has remained in its present half-finished state for the last two years.—*Ibid*.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CALIFORNIA.

THIS is the continuation and conclusion of the very *timeous* and apropos volume* to which we directed public attention last Saturday. It contains the particulars of the further expedition and adventures of the author, with his party, and notices of other divisions of the United States emigrants, wending their long, dreary, and dangerous way from the Rocky Mountains to the Colonization of California. He arrived at San Francisco, and ascended the River Sacramento; but the wars called him off before he got high enough to discover the land of gold. Therefore his travel is more interesting from its pictures of toils and difficulties, showing that the way to California overland is not likely to tempt any considerable number, even of the most desperate and daring, to endeavour to reach the now extravagant scene of human cupidity by that route, than from its possessing a glimpse of the district where the discoveries of last summer (June) have excited a turmoil of a most portentous nature. The Moses of Reason is in the Mount, and the nations are let loose to idolize the Golden Calf. As yet it is only a rather striving and threatening re-model of the *Redeunt Saturnia regna*; but "bide a wee." It seems as if all the knaves, sharpers, rooks, and plunderers of England and America were let loose at once, and had opened their commission to hoax, swindle, and plunder the fools, gulls, pigeons, and covetous innocents in the two trading worlds. The advertisements in the *Times* newspaper of this day (Thursday) are superb manifestations, and we doubt not will catch thousands of flats, and extract much more gold from them than ever they will replace from California! There is the California Cold Coast (literally there is none) Trading Company, offering unlimited advantages; the California Gold Mining, Streaming, and Washing (Baths and Washhouses for the Poor) Trading Company, to operate where you can hardly wash your hands for the gold dirt that defiles them; the Machine for fishing up gold (not gold fish) from deep waters, (the deep ones); the Mining (query, undermining?) and other Implements Providing Firm; steam to the Gold mines, by 15th January, (lose no time, as to-day is the 13th,) for San Francisco direct; to sail immediately, &c. &c., for California direct, the fine ship (equal to any in which emigrants have been wrecked during the last ten years) A. 1, and a succession of first class vessels, to follow from Liverpool, and none of them to run ashore except on golden sands. There are, moreover, Anglo-Californian partners, advancers of money, trains to play at the game of "follow-your-leader," (and pay him,) and other schemes afloat. There is even an emigrant newspaper advertised to be published, containing a complete guide to the (as yet) undiscovered regions where the metal is gathered in grains from the size of peas to plums, and where the waters glide, more appropriately, in scales ten or twenty to the grain, (*vide* appendix to this work). Another advertises a cheap trip, *via* Texas, (with Taxes, changing the order of the vowels is a consideration,) from somewhere in East-Cheap. And, in short, though the journey in any way is very long, you have only to put yourself in the care of these undertakers, and they will do for you all that the name implies. Smith of Paddington, Hobbs of Islington, Dobbs of Camberwell, Macpherson of Chelsea, Jones of Lambeth, Hicks of Camden Town, Bunkers of Shadwell, and many other equally respectable persons, guarantee incalculable success: take shares: go!

Did we say *Redeunt Saturnia regna*? Aye, but with a difference! It must be mixed with the iron age, and with blood. "Eye hath not heard, nor ear hath not seen," the horrors that will be enacted, and the miseries that will be endured on this new Field of the Cloth of Gold. The desperadoes of uncivilization are crowding thither: there is neither law nor government; there is nothing but human passions

* What I Saw in California in 1846-7.—Bentley's Cabinet Library. No. VII.

excited to madness by the lust of avarice. Mark the inevitable consequences. We would fain project a company for the weary of life and meditators of suicide, and engage to have the *ennui* of the former ended, and the throats of the latter cut, if they pay us handsomely, and embark in our good ship A. 1, for steaming, streaming, digging, washing, struggling, fighting, and gathering more gold than they can ever carry away from California.

Almost the best of the joke is, that no sooner does famished Ireland hear of this El Dorado, than up starts an association to swear that Wicklow is infinitely superior, and solicit subscriptions to work the mines, where gold is not found in paltry spangles or drops, but in quarts (which they spell with a terminating sed). And even in Saxon England, so wildly runs the envious competition, they have begun, in order to meet the expected influx of gold, to split bank-notes into two or three, so that they may be able to represent any value which can be brought against, to depreciate them.

"It is a mad world, my masters," and so let us return for five minutes to what, in this concluding portion of the book before us, and left very much out of our sight, refers to Northern California, and bears upon the question now agitating, convulsing, the *forts esprits* of our revolutionary times. Twelve months ago (our author says):—

"The permanent population of that portion of Upper California situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, I estimate at 25,000. Of this number, 8000 are Hispano-Americans, 5000 foreigners, chiefly from the United States, and 12,000 Christianized Indians. There are considerable numbers of wild or Gentile Indians inhabiting the valley of the San Joaquin, and the gorges of the Sierra, not included in this estimate. They are, probably, as numerous as the Christian Indians. The Indian population inhabiting the region of the Great Salt Lake, Mary's river, the oases of the Great Desert Basin, and the country bordering the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, being spread over a vast extent of territory, are scarcely seen, although the aggregate number is considerable.

"The Californians do not differ materially from the Mexicans, from whom they are descended, in other provinces of that country. Physically and intellectually, the men, probably, are superior to the same race farther south, and inhabiting the countries contiguous to the city of Mexico."

The existence of gold and copper mines was then merely whispered, but silver, quicksilver, lead, and iron were said to be inexhaustible:

"The district of country known, geographically, as Upper California, is bounded on the north by Oregon, the forty-second degree of north latitude being the boundary line between the two territories; on the east by the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra de los Mimbres, a continuation of the same range; on the south by Sonora and Old or Lower California, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. Its extent, from north to south, is about 700 miles, and from east to west, from 600 to 800 miles, with an area of about 400,000 square miles. A small portion only of this extensive territory is fertile or inhabitable by civilized man; and this portion consists chiefly in the strip of country along the Pacific Ocean, about 700 miles in length, and from 100 to 150 in breadth, bounded on the east by the Sierra Nevada, and on the west by the Pacific.

"The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers have each a course of from 300 to 400 miles, the first flowing from the north, and the last from the south, and both emptying into the Bay of San Francisco at the same point. They water the large and fertile valley lying between the Sierra Nevada and the coast range of mountains."

As everything is changed by recent events, we will not quote further, but merely repeat, that at any time this work would have been very interesting—at the present time it is irresistibly so.*

* We observe that the *Times*, in its City Article of yesterday, (Friday,) has taken the same view and tone in regard to these bubbles which we did in this review, written on the preceding day, (Thursday.)—Ed. L.G.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

A CUMBERLAND RHYME.

Jimmy the Monney,
Maid a great Crowd,
Barney O'Neal,
Fand a' the Meal,
Oad Jack Rutter,
Sent twa stanes o' Butter;
The Laird o' the Hot
Boiled it in his Pot,
And big Tom o' the Ha'
He sup'd it a'.
—Deil tak his guts, and that's a'.

M. A. D.

P. B. Jan. 1849.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. John Major, formerly an eminent publisher in London, died on the 9th instant, at his apartments in Charter House, in his 68th year. He had enjoyed, as the nominee of the late Archbishop of York, the comforts of that asylum for seven years, and it is due to the authorities and to the memory of the deceased to state, that during his last illness of six weeks' continuance, he expressed his warm thankfulness for the administered attentions, medical and otherwise, which his bodily weakness required, and for the spiritual consolations suited to his condition. Mr. Major was especially endeared to the brothers of the angle, and the admirers of 'old Isaac,' for a splendid, and we may say, an immaculate edition of Walton's immortal book. He was also the editor of an edition of Hogarth's works. His taste for poetry was well known to his friends, combining with much quiet humour the love of *jeux de mots* which characterized the writings of Thomas Hood. Mr. Major was much respected by his brethren in the trade, and amidst the vicissitudes of, and ultimate losses in business, owing more to the faithlessness of others, than to any fault of his own, he retained many warm-hearted friends to his last hour. He has left one son, who, though young, is gaining a reputation as a teacher and composer, and who, in touching and amiable conjunction with his father, has appeared favourably in print, in a little work, entitled, "The Pastoral Week," a production of the genuine Waltonian school, both music and verse.

Mr. Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of the poet, died at Rydal, on the 7th, of bronchitis, aged only 52. He was the author of many minor poems, of biographies of Northern Worthies, and we believe a frequent and considerable contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He lived quietly, we may say humbly, in retirement; and his eccentricities were not in favour of his mixing much with the busy or social world.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket Theatre.—After a lengthened absence from the stage, caused, we regret to say, by severe indisposition, Mr. J. Wallack reappeared at this theatre on Tuesday evening, in the part of *Don Cesar de Bazan*. Some slight marks of Mr. Wallack's illness may perhaps be traced by those who admired him in the fiery vigour of youth, but his performance lacked nothing of that spirit and finish by which his acting has been heretofore characterized. His reception was enthusiastic, and sufficiently proved in what estimation this old favourite is held by the public. Mr. Wallack is one of the few remaining artists in a school of acting that is rapidly disappearing from the stage. His careful study, not only of the broad effects and telling points of the character, which are readily appreciated by a miscellaneous audience, but of the more subordinate details, which are of importance in an artistic point of view, presented a strong contrast to the crude sketchy style in which too many actors of the present day are in the habit of representing dramatic creations. In his delivery of the dialogue every word told, and his action, graceful and appropriate, always accompanied his words, as if expressing his thoughts simultaneously with his tongue; and did not appear, as action often does, the result of after-thought. There was no force where force was not wanted; and, on the other hand, no tameness or slovenliness, the whole scope of the cha-

acter being, as it were, always occupied by the actor. The drama was, in the other parts, well acted by Howe, Rogers, Miss Horton, and Miss Julia Bennett; and the house was well attended.

Lyceum.—The success of the *King of the Peacocks* continues unabated, and the theatre is crowded nightly to witness the splendid effects with which it abounds. On Thursday evening a comedieta, called *Who speaks first?* was produced. The story, which is slight, is this:—A new married couple, played by Mrs. Yates and Mr. Roxby, have proceeded so far in their matrimonial differences as to have continued silent for a week, having made the proviso that whoever spoke first should be confessedly in the wrong. At this crisis a stranger, Mr. C. Mathews, arrives, and succeeds, by a mixture of tact and impudence, in reconciling them; and when his familiarities with the lady are about to draw down upon him the vengeance of the gentleman, turns out to be, divested of a false wig and whiskers, the lady's long absent brother. The piece was completely successful; it is written by Mr. C. Dance.

MUSIC.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—On Monday, Handel's magnificent *Judas Maccabeus* was given by this Society, at Exeter Hall, for the first time, under the direction of Mr. Costa, and the effects of his masterly leadership were apparent in the admirable execution of the band under his control, and the perfect singing of the choruses, than which nothing, we firmly believe, could possibly be finer or more excellent. The principal vocal parts were also well sustained, especially by the lady singers, Miss Birch and the Misses Williams. Mr. Sims Reeves was labouring under a severe cold, but exerted himself to the utmost of his capabilities; and Mr. H. Phillips, though at times a little husky, sang bravely. The great hall was crowded to overflowing, and the whole performance most successful.

London Wednesday Concerts.—The eighth of the series, on Wednesday, again drew an enormous audience to Exeter Hall, the attraction again being the appearance of Mr. Braham senior, and announced as for the second and last time—we hope not. Much of the programme of the evening had to be modified and altered, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, which also caused the omission of a new duet, *The Father's Blessing*, composed expressly for these concerts, and Messrs. Braham and Reeves, by Mr. Lavenue. In its place Mr. Braham substituted the *Bay of Biscay*, which he gave in superb style, and was tumultuously encored; indeed he was in splendid voice, and every song that he attempted was triumphantly successful. In Purcell's cantata, *Mad Tom*, he was magnificent, his delivery of some of the words being beyond the attainment of any one but himself, and matchless. The programme of the evening was in other respects various, and well selected, including solos on the French horn, by M. Vivier, and on the piano-forte by Mr. Palmer, who is a good player and clever executionist. Among the vocal performers were, Mrs. Newton, Miss Ransford, Miss Poole, and Miss Dolby, Messrs. Williams, Leffler, Binge and Schönhoff. The *encores* were numerous, and the concert as agreeable and satisfactory as could be desired.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS FOR THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE year's last leaves are trembling on the tree,
Ere yet they join the withered heap below;
Say! lies the last year's fruit there mouldering too,
Or is it garnered for immortal use?
Another wave has burst upon the beach,
Ere ocean gathers its receding surge;
Look what is left upon the shore for thee,
Fading sea-weed, or everlasting pearls.
One volume more of human history
Is closing—each more ponderous than the last—
Since the first page was stained with Adam's tears,
Seldom has been a sadder one than this!
And if one record of that blotted book,
England! be writ for thee in characters
That angels shall not blush to look upon,
Let pride be only that of thankfulness.

ROBERT FLEMING.

AUTUMN.

A host of leaves came shivering through the air,
The sturdy ash and mightier oak stood bare,
Tossing their unclad limbs on high,
They bade defiance to the threat'ning sky,
Stricken they might be, yet they would not die.
Through the vast forest wild flower, herb, and grass,
Return'd to dust in one unheeded mass;
Whilst tender shrubs and plants of lowly birth
Droop'd their young heads to rest on mother earth.
Ah, happy things that know not your decay,
Feel not life's current wasting day by day;
See not, with saddening and prophetic eye,
The written doom around—thou too must die;
Nor mark with fruitless pain where trembleth now
The last green promise of the olive bough.
Thus spake my heart, and lo the wind-harp's tone
Sigh'd 'mid the drifting leaves and branches lone—
Let thy sad soul, when such dark thoughts appear,
Turn unto Heaven, her own permitted sphere;
And through that glory faith and hope supplies,
View the redeeming love that never dies.
There live thy lost ones in the better land,
Thy place they keep amid the kindred band,
And bathed in holy light if such may be,
Weave the celestial crown awaiting thee.

MARIAN.

THE POPLARS AND THE RIVER.

TELL ME, pray, ye trembling trees,
Quivering to the faintest breeze,
Whispering aye a low sweet song
To the stream that flows along
At your feet—why ever thus
Full of sighs and tremulous?
Murmuring and lamenting ever
To the calmly listening river!

"We," respond the trees, "in sooth,
Like the tender heart of youth,
Sensitive to every touch,
Feel too deeply, feel too much!
Therefore are we ever thus
Full of sighs and tremulous;
Agitated—plaining ever
To the calmly listening river."

Thou of silver voice! fair stream,
Mirroring each heavenly beam;
Blushing to morn's rosy blush,
Returning eve's warm crimson flush;
Answering with soft replies
To the Poplars' restless sighs;
Why, though thus soft flowing ever,
So serene, thou placid river?

"I," the stream says, "like the sage
Time-cool'd heart of tranquil age,
Take my colours pure and bright
From the sky—the realm of light!
Hence so calmly I reply
To the Poplars' ceaseless sigh;
They with the vainest wishes quiver,
Whilst Heaven's reflections gem the river."

ELEANOR DABBY.

VARIETIES.

Sir David Brewster.—We observe, with the highest satisfaction, that this distinguished philosopher has been elected a member of the French Institute; and it is the more appropriate and honourable that the vacancy to which he has succeeded was occasioned by the death of the world-renowned chemist Berzelius. Sir David Brewster has not unfrequently had to deal with a small clique disparagement at Home, in England; and it is, therefore, the more agreeable to justice, and a proper sense of what he has accomplished for science, that his great merits should receive this coveted Foreign acknowledgment.

"Softening of the Brain."—An elaborate and able paper on this affection of the brain, as the result of overtaxing the brain and nervous system, and occurring in persons subject to great anxiety and distress of mind, has, we hear, been recently read to the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Brighton, by Dr. Forbes Winslow, who was requested by an unanimous resolution, to publish the same in the *Psychological Journal*.

The Scottish Hospital, under the fostering auspices of the Chisholm, is working its beneficent way, as if it were a new, and not an old establishment. At the last meeting it was resolved to build a hall, or asylum, for distressed Scots in London, and the committee is to look out for a site. This seemed almost the only thing wanted to the completeness of this noble national charity, and we trust every true Northern heart will warm to the design.

Stowe Library.—The sale of this interesting collection has been going on since Monday, and the books have generally brought fair prices, considering the great fall that has taken place in property of this description, and that few of the articles yet disposed of are of very rare character. Among the most "noticeable" were Boydell's collection of prints, nine vols. folio, 78l. 15s., and a complete collection of the works of Bartolozzi, with upwards of 600 portraits, 62l., both bought by Mr. Murray; Monte Sancto de Dios, by A. Bellini, printed at Florence, 1487, 20l.; among the biblical publications, Erian Walton's Polyglot Bible, with its republican preface, 25l. 10s.; the Breeches Bible, 10l. 15s.; Aubrey's Surrey, large paper, 10l. 2s. 6d.; Bloomfield's Norfolk, 13l.; the Archaeologia, thirty-eight volumes, only 18l. 15s.; Ashmole's Institution of the Garter, with some fine plates by Hollar, 10l. 10s.; Britton's Ancient Stone Crosses, with seven original drawings, 6l. 2s. 6d. On Thursday, the highest priced works were those in which expensive engravings were given, and they did not vary so much from their original cost as to deserve being particularized. A pack of old playing cards, (engraved in Singer's book on the subject,) without aces, and with knights instead of queens, were bought for 6l. 10s.

British Association for the Advancement of Science.—Yesterday a meeting of the local committee connected with this association was held at the Philosophical Institution, Birmingham, for the purpose of carrying into effect the necessary arrangements for the approaching meeting. Lord Wrottesley, President, occupied the chair. There was a very numerous attendance of the magistrates, clergy, and the principal manufacturers of the town and neighbourhood. Resolutions were moved by M. D. Hill, Esq. (Recorder), the Mayor, the Hon. F. Gough, Hon. F. Curzon, Hon. and Rev. G. M. Yorke, C. B. Adderley, Esq., M.P., and many other gentlemen, providing for the proper reception of the members of the association and other distinguished foreigners, who are expected to be present at the forthcoming meeting. From the general feeling expressed, it is more than probable that an exhibition of works of art and the products of manufacturing skill, for which Birmingham and the neighbourhood have acquired such a celebrity, will be held on the occasion.—*Morning Post of Wednesday.*

Interesting Discovery.—In excavating for the new sewer now making in Quay Street, Bristol, the workmen came upon the foundation of the old city wall, which, centuries ago, it is probable, was washed by the tide, as, at a considerable depth from the surface, they discovered a canoe, fourteen feet long, and four feet wide, shaped from a single trunk of timber, the wood being comparatively sound. Unfortunately, this relic of antiquity had to be sawn through, as it was found impossible, without great risk of injury to the workmen, to remove it entire.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Allen's (Joseph) Navigation Laws of Great Britain, 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
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Ballock (T. F.) on Popular Education, 18mo, cloth, 4s.
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DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Jan. 13 . . .	12 9 47	Jan. 17 . . .	12 10 28 5
14 . . .	9 26 7	18 . . .	10 47 8
15 . . .	9 48 0	19 . . .	11 6 3
16 . . .	10 8 6		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * We hardly remember to have received within ten or twelve days, so many new works of permanent value in our national literature, as we have done within the present year. This looks well for our publishers' judgment and enterprise, and must be gratifying to all who love, admire, and would cherish the diffusion of solid and wholesome food for the public mind. Under these circumstances we would repeat that communications intended for immediate use must be sent at a seasonable time within the week.

Longman's Catalogue of London Periodicals, Thomas's List of Newspapers and Periodicals, are received, and we find both extremely useful. The former is complete, as regards London, and adds lists of the current Reports of Law and Equity Courts, and the transactions, but not full enough, of the various Scientific and Literary Societies. (We do not observe the Royal Society of Literature, the Syro-Egyptian, and several others.) The latter is, we think, susceptible of improvement, if the names of the towns where published were added to the titles of Provincial Newspapers.

Phonetic Nix.—We have to thank the editors for their first No., the alphabet of which we have set ourselves diligently to master, but the task and other engagements put it out of our power to make any observations on the new style this week. We understand that many short-hand writers approve of the plan, as an abridgment and facilitation of their labours. In the California volume, noticed elsewhere, there is an account of a squatter, near the golden regions, who spoke a lingua-franca, or Indiana, composed of German, French, English, Yankee, Spanish, Russian, and Sciolex or Crowfoot, so closely combined as to have the different dialects sometimes in the syllables of one word. This must seem like phonography in California!

Errata.—In our last Number we are desirous that the following corrections should be made, so that no errors however trifling, should remain in the Review of Anglo-Saxon History; a subject of so much national interest. Page 2, column 1, lines 18 and 23, for Mannort read Man-ort. Column 3, line 22 from the bottom, for scir-geræf and bush-geræf, read scir-geræf and burh-geræf.—Further on, page 10, column 1, the notice of Dr. Brunner's supposed newly-discovered city, is an accidental reprint of a paragraph in our preceding number, from which the concluding remark was (in the hurry of index-making, &c.) accidentally left out. The Latin quotation, column 3, p. 10, for Sappopotensis, read Sappopotensis; and the memoir of the late Alderman Johnson, page 11, column 3, line 30, for "he was princely, not impudent," read "he was princely, not impudent."

Debrett's Baronage.—In the advertisement of this publication, last week, the date of its latest corrections was stated to be 1849, instead of 1840.

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